POISON IN THE ACADEMIC IVY . . . By Joseph A. Brandt

Saturday Review

"PURITANISM AND DEMOCRACY"
by Ralph Barton Perry
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

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STRICTLY PERSONAL
(On Romain Rolland)
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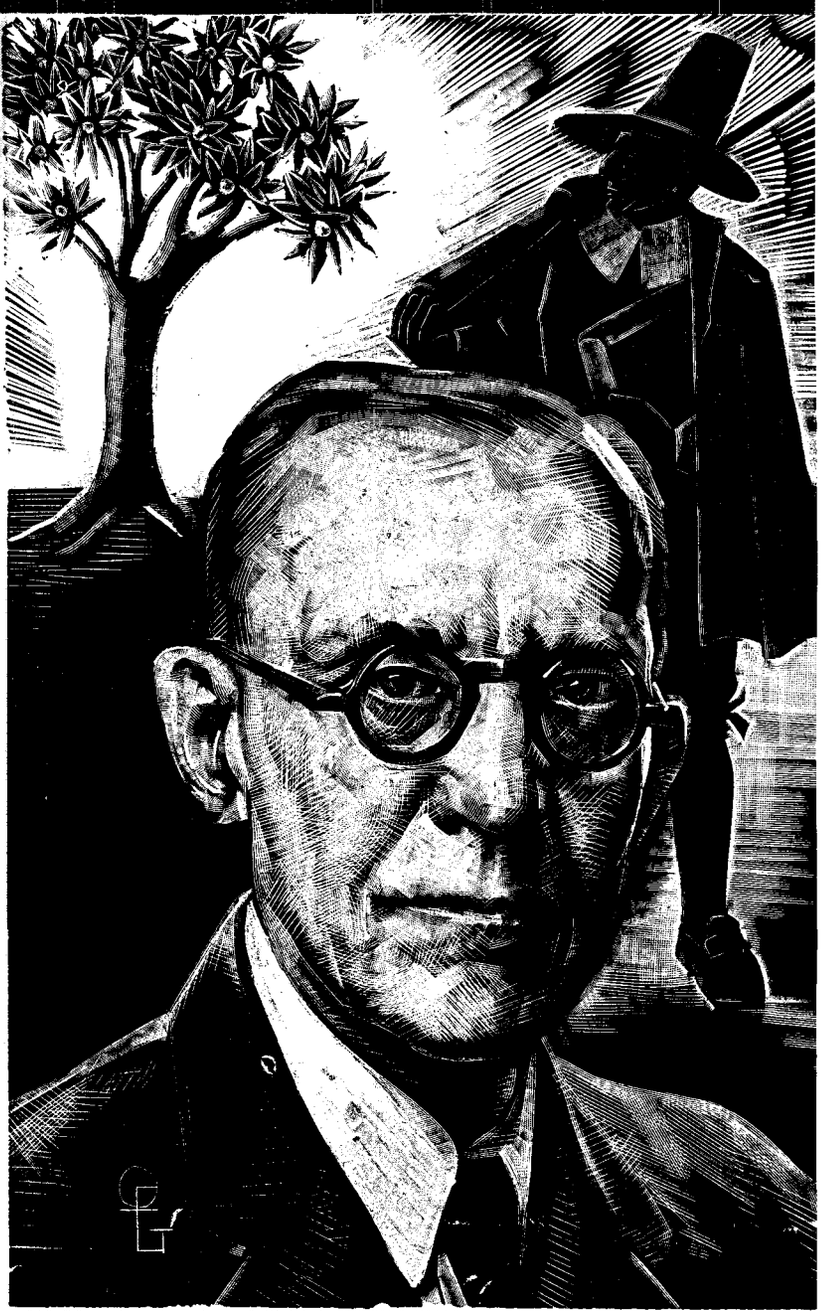

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RALPH BARTON PERRY devotes his first major work in ten years to an examination of the roots of the American spirit. (See page 7)

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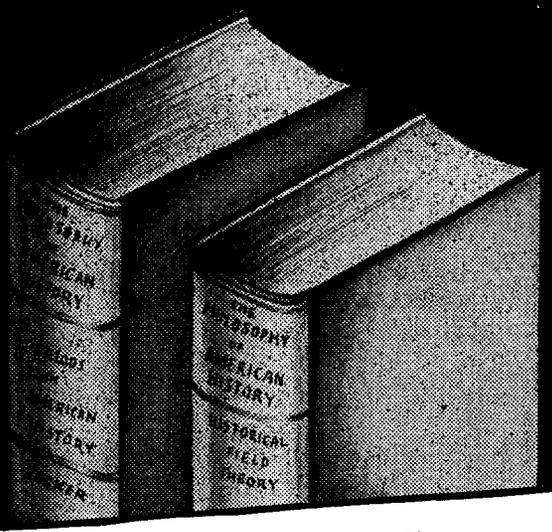

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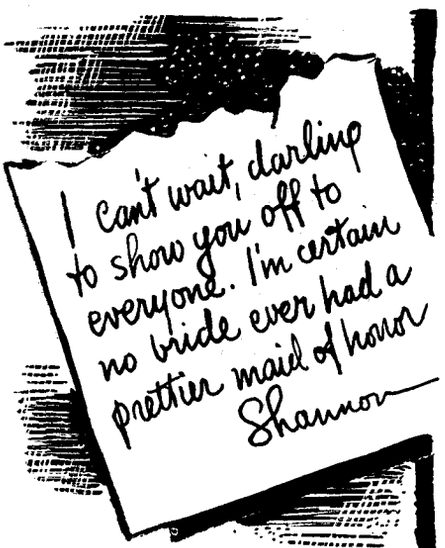

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Articles

PAGE

POISON IN THE ACADEMIC IVY
By Joseph A. Brandt 5

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE—
COUNTRIES IN THE HEADLINES
By Mary Gould Davis 32

Reviews

PURITANISM AND DEMOCRACY
By Ralph Barton Perry
Reviewed by Allan Nevins 7

THE FIRST ROUND
By Joseph Gaer
Reviewed by Victor Riesel 8

UNTIL THEY EAT STONES
By Russell Brines
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe 9

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
By George and Helen Papashvily
Reviewed by Harold Fields 10

HERE COMES TOMORROW
By A. W. Zelomek
Reviewed by Paul M. O'Leary 11

SOLDIER TO CIVILIAN
By George K. Pratt, M.D.
Reviewed by Ralph Peterson 12

THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON READER
By Mary Ellen Chase
Reviewed by Willa McClung Evans 14

FRANCIS THOMPSON: IN HIS PATHS
By Terence L. Connolly
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe 26

THE WIND ON THE MOON
By Eric Linklater
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay 26

GYPSY IN THE SUN
By Rosita Forbes
Reviewed by Frederick Gruin 31

Departments

LITERARY CRYPT: No. 82 11
STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Robert Pick 13
EDITORIAL 16
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 17
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 20
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown 22
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 24
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 36
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 564 39
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 39

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Do you recognize them?

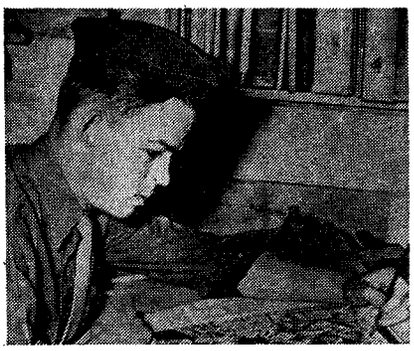
THOSE TWO GUYS are Willie and Joe. They aren't exactly ornamental, and a lot of the time they don't talk any nicer than they look. But they weren't posing for an advertisement when Bill Mauldin did their picture. They are a couple of doughfoots and probably wouldn't be caught dead in the civilized and literary columns of this magazine. Besides, they aren't dressed for the part. Their damp fatigue suits hang on them like deflated barrage balloons; constant marching has pounded the heels off their shoes; and their shoulders sag under their rain-soaked combat packs. They are just combat infantrymen who have been in the lines somewhere—maybe Italy, maybe Germany, maybe Belgium—for a couple of straight months.

Willie and Joe are already famous because they have been the mainstays of what is, in our opinion, the greatest cartoon series of these times. "They are about the men in the line—the tiny percentage of our vast Army who are actually up there doing the dying", as Ernie Pyle once wrote in a tribute to Mauldin's work. Sergeant Bill Mauldin has something to say that nobody else has quite captured. There is biting humor, often as acrid as powder smoke, about his pictures, and a truth that smacks you between the eyes.

We are going to publish a book by Bill Mauldin as early this spring as we can get the printer to deliver it. The manuscript arrived a day or two ago, and we turned it over to a member of our staff who has had a couple of years in the Army before his honorable discharge. All we asked him to tell us was what he, as an ex-soldier, thought about the manuscript. And this is it:

I have a hunch that this will be much more than just another good book. For my chips it is, even without the cartoons, one of the two or three best books to come out of this war . . . Mauldin is not a "great" writer. He never, thank God, "surmises" or "supposes," but always "figures," he never acts "in order to accomplish" something, but merely "so he can get something done." But even when he kicks the covers off the grammars he manages to have his say. Mauldin talks as a soldier talks. The whole book bears the mark of a professional soldier. Much of this atmosphere comes from the pains Mauldin has quite obviously not taken to explain for civilian readers OP, CP, outposts, volkswagens, dogfaces, doughfoots, doggies, bandoliers and bed sacks. These he assumes to be every bit as familiar to a person alive in these times as telephone booths or galoshes. The man who does not recognize Able, Baker, Charley, and Dog as synonyms for A, B, C, and D Companies exhibits an ignorance not worth the tutoring. And as for the pictures—Sergeant Mauldin is at twenty-three by all odds the greatest cartoonist this war has produced. This book should establish him also as one of the most accurate interpreters of Army life. And Army life does still need a lot of interpretation. The frontline soldier is unlike any other human being. He alone sees the war for the dirty mess it really is—a nightmare of snarled wire, rain, heavy packs, torn leggings, blisters, foxholes, and the grotesque, peeling distortions into which a Mark IV *tank can be blown by a small, pastel-colored land mine . . .*

People tell us that the customers of many bookstores are "sick and tired of war books." That, in fact, the war is a stale and dead topic, and that we should publish more books to take the public mind off the horrors and realities of this thing that is happening. Well, Bill Mauldin's book is not for such people. Even if it never becomes the superb best seller that it deserves to be, we aren't going to mind. Because this book is the way a few hundred thousand ordinary young American men gave a few million of their fellow citizens the security in which to get bored about the war. We ourselves are going to put it on the same shelf with SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE, BRAVE MEN, HERE IS YOUR WAR and A BELL FOR ADANO. And we're going to keep it to show people, in the years to come, who forget what it was like in our time.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

Poison in the Academic Ivy

The College President Must Know How to Manage a Business Enterprise

JOSEPH A. BRANDT

THE general concept of the duties of the presidents of our colleges and universities is usually either Early American or, at the best, Early Victorian. The president is presumed to be a fount of all knowledge. He must be prepared to venture an opinion at a moment's notice on any grave public issue, yet at the same time he must not offend anyone in so doing.

He will very likely be introduced to his audience either as a "Christian scholar and gentleman" or as the "good doctor," for in those two terms lie the public's definition of their academic presidents. This, of course, is the introduction which says nothing; for the classic requirements for any college or university president are that he be good and that he be Christian. Aside from those qualities, the main use of the man is, what does he propose to do about educating young men and women?

There is increasing evidence, however, that trustees in choosing presidents today are looking beyond the Christian veneer to make their selections along functional lines. Whether that function is regarded as education or as business is an open question. It certainly caused Walter A. Jessup, one of America's best informed men on the academic world, to inject a note of pessimism in the current report of the President to the Carnegie Corporation of New York, written shortly before his death on July 5, 1944.

Observing that colleges and universities have progressed from the long familiar role of lodging-house keeper and boarding-house operator to become in many instances vast and complex business enterprises, the late President Jessup concluded that, "In many instances it now appears that managerial ability rather than educational leadership is the chief consideration in the selection of academic presidents. At any rate, there is ample evidence that the college and university executive has become an efficient enterpriser. From force of long tradition and practice he must be constantly on the lookout for great benefactions; today, to satisfy his professors or to secure what is commonly known as recognition, he must also peddle small jobs to the foundations or to industry."

Not only does the responsibility for large endowments place the colleges in the same position as banks or insurance companies, but the changing character of those endowments frequently finds the academic institutions operating businesses of the most varied character. Furthermore, the operating budgets of the colleges and universities have, on the whole, increased in recent years with the growth in endowment and in enrollments to an almost unbelievable degree. For instance, the current budget of the University of Chicago is more than $31,000,000, which is considerably more than the budgets of many of our state governments, and which is equal to one fifth of the combined endowments of all of our colleges and universities at the turn of the century.

Consequently, one could well understand how a board of trustees might resolve its dilemma in choosing a new president on the realistic basis that management of money would be his primary concern.

Nevertheless, despite the vastness of the educational business today, it could very well be a national tragedy if we forgot the business of education. And that business of education, let us hasten to observe, virtually overlooked in the academic world, is training students to think. But the major obsession of most faculties is protection of faculty rights and prerogatives. As for the alumni they are, as a rule, most interested in the Fieldhouse and the Stadium. A new generation of trustees is coming into being, concerned with what happens to the students, the *raison d'etre* of the college, although far too many of them are still vigilantes, protecting the world against dangerous thoughts. Thus, theoretically, at least, we look to the president as virtually the only voice urging higher education to concern itself with its true purposes. That is why it is important to understand the obstacles that stand in the way of the average president in carrying out his ideals.

THE academic presidency is unusual both in what is expected of the president and in determining his qualifications. It is obviously a task for which one does not consciously train, although advancement through the usual routine of faculty is rather generally the route to the presidency. But this path is filled with the danger of educational sterility, since in general the faculty man who conforms most, and thus perhaps does least, most frequently receives the academic laurels. The business man, called to a presidency, accustomed to a life of action and decision, may be unwilling to cultivate the art of patience which, when all is said of the presidency, is the characteristic most useful for success. Yet if he loves education and has ideals he may bring to his task a fresh, invigorating curiosity which may infil-

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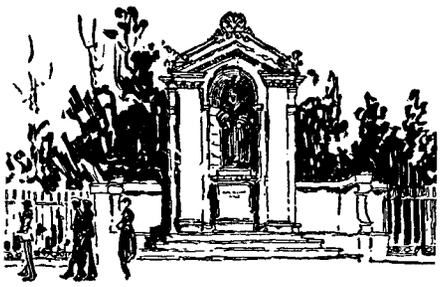
trate the faculty. Certainly, business men like the late Wendell Willkie, who so brilliantly stated the case for liberal education in an address at Duke University, or Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, are refreshing examples of the contribution that the non-academic world might make to higher education. While a number of business and professional men have been named to college and university presidencies in recent years, the fact remains that thus far the three greatest educational innovators of our modern times have been educators, Nicholas Murray Butler, Woodrow Wilson, and Robert Maynard Hutchins.

The careers of these three men might be studied with profit by anyone contemplating a presidency with the intention of dedicating himself to the business of education. Mr. Butler, one of the most perceptive of our university presidents, quite ran headlong into academic inertia. Mr. Wilson, whose educational contributions have been so curiously neglected, was the center of battle which finally was resolved by the governorship of New Jersey. Mr. Hutchins, of a later generation, carried on with the principles of Butler and Wilson but with an academic structure quite Early American. It might be argued since all three were non-conformists they were courting trouble; but it also cannot be denied that all three dedicated themselves to the simple proposition that universities exist primarily for the student rather than for the faculty.

While the kind of presidents we choose for our institutions of higher learning is most important, it is perhaps of greater moment to disabuse ourselves of the Early American concepts and structure which will hamper the advancement of education as long as they exist, since they no longer are consonant with the realities. The duties of the college president differ in considerable degree from those of the university president. The former may find it virtually impossible to dissociate his social life from his business life, while the latter, if he is to succeed, must make an effort to do so. The college president is concerned solely with undergraduate education while the university president has both undergraduate and graduate education, with all of its complicated problems of research, to deal with; and naturally, he directs part of his attention to the question of undergraduate education, much to the anguish of the professor solely interested in research, because he is brought up sharply with the general inadequacy of undergraduate training in this country. The president of a state university has problems arising from the semi-political nature of his job. He contends with



changing governors and legislatures as well, and intellectually, he is far less independent than his colleague of the endowed institution. The president of an endowed university must satisfy his trustees, alumni, faculty, and students, as well as earn the esteem of the public, among whom may be persons of wealth who may contribute to the endowment funds.

The president of either type of university will resolve his business problems by having at his right hand a financial vice-president, a person of such calibre as might reasonably be expected to serve as president in the absence of his chief. In a large institution, he will also have an academic vice-president or dean of the faculty to resolve the multitudinous problems which arise in any faculty. Even with these aides, the president will find difficulty in rescuing for himself time for thinking or time for creative action, due to the public's belief that the president belongs to them. The presidency is usually regarded as a lifetime appointment, which carries with it the corollary that the president's lifetime is a gift to the institution and to the institution's empire. Public speaking as part of the president's public relations is customarily expected. The demand that the president consecrate himself completely to his task all too frequently results in his becoming spiritually embalmed before he is physically dead.

IF public relations are so all-embracing of the president's time, those with his faculty are no less exacting. Here the attitude will be different, more personal, more demanding, more critical, more expectant, all growing out of the nature of the faculty itself. With the faculty, the president's business life will be hopelessly and inextricably intertwined with his social life; and this is why a *president* is never chosen by a board of trustees—it is always the president *and his wife*. The faculty, if not the public, will usually demand the same degree of consecration to the job on the part of the president's wife as they do of him.

The president's relationship with his faculty is governed by the law of diminishing returns. A businessman who recently was named president of one of our great universities kept a careful inventory of his faculty visitors during his first year of office and discovered the frightening fact that more than eighty per cent of his interviews were concerned with saying "no" to the visitors. In my own experience as a university president I found that a surprising number of faculty interviews had to conclude on the negative, due to lack of money to grant the request, and while virtually in every instance we parted amiably, I could not help but wonder how many disappointments I as president would have to bring to the small compact faculty world of my university.

It is the smallness and the compactness of the faculty world, rather than the faculty, which creates most of the difficulties for presidents. However genial, however well-meaning and charming the individual faculty member is, he is himself circumscribed by ritual and protocol.

The faculty, as an American institution, is one of our noblest traditions. It has grown from small and humble beginnings to a citadel for intellectual freedom. This very necessity for banding together to preserve the freedom of teaching has made of the faculty the most unionized of all American white collar groups. The unionization is none the less real in spite of the antipathy individual faculty members may sometimes hold towards organized labor. As on Army posts, the calling card and white gloves are part of the campus social picture. The road to promotion and higher pay is a slow one and follows an almost inexorable pattern of trial as instructor, probation as assistant professor, and tenure or lifetime appointment as associate or full professor. There will be departmental heads or chairmen and deans, whose approbation will be necessary for preferment. In many institutions, the consent of the dean or the departmental chairman will be necessary before the faculty member in the department or division may speak with the president. Academic matters, such as curriculum and standards, are almost wholly in the province of the faculty, the president having only the power of approval or of veto.

Although the president is thus almost always a figurehead, he is quite frequently the only one to blame when faculty politics frustrate the hopes of the ambitious. Most faculty interviews with the president will be concerned with money matters and, despite the growth in income of higher education, the average college or university is still desperately poor; and that is the reason a president usually says "no" to his faculty interviewer.

In far too many institutions, the faculty wife will have to dedicate herself to her husband's advancement. She will discover that her husband is

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being judged by what she does socially. However much she may hate it, she finds herself chained to a feudal system from which there is no escape.

Perhaps the greatest anomaly of democratic America is the continuance of the monarchical system which fetters our colleges and our universities. Presidents and faculty members inveigh against it frequently, but the feudal pattern is either too ingrained or too charming to the beneficiaries to sever the chains. Courageous educational leaders here and there are making some progress toward breaking the system, and in doing so, liberating the faculty and thus giving the students an example of democracy in action.

The most important question facing any board of trustees seeking a new president should be, not how well he will husband the physical resources of the institution (that being the responsibility of the financial vice-president), but how clearly he sees the need for educational reform and a restoration of democratic ideals, and how courageously he is willing to battle for them. Until then, the question of whether a business man or an educator is chosen as president must remain an academic one.

Joseph A. Brandt is former president of the University of Oklahoma. At present, he is director of the University of Chicago Press.

America and Her Foundations

PURITANISM AND DEMOCRACY. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Vanguard Press. 1944. 688 *pp.* $5.

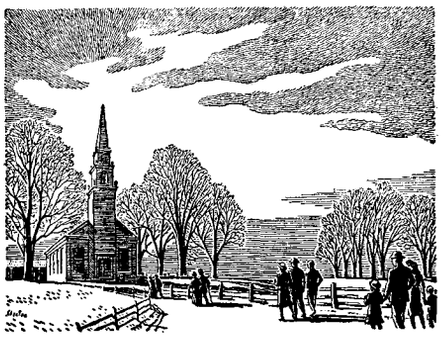
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. PERRY has in recent years established himself as not only a philosophic thinker, but an expositor of the practical significance of democracy for our nation and the world. He has plunged into the hot arena of public affairs to assert the faith that is in him. The country owes him no small debt for the eloquence and pertinacity with which, in years of confusion, he has demonstrated the impossibility of vindicating democracy at home without helping to vindicate and defend it abroad. True democracy can never be static; it can never be isolated; and if America has a mission (as Mr. Perry is convinced it has) one important part of it is to propagate, support, and if dire need arises, protect democracy as a worldwide force. Mr. Perry is entitled to a special hearing when he devotes his first major work in nearly ten years to a historical examination of the roots of the American spirit, and an appraisal of the problems and duties of democracy today.

This is a time when an anxious inquiry into our national principles and ideals is of the first importance. The decades between the wars witnessed a disillusioned and sometimes even contemptuous examination of American faiths. By realistic novelists, by muckrakers, by historians of the materialistic school, by Marxian devotees, the fruits of American civilization were held up to sharp criticism. Some writers brought the ancient foundations of American life into question; some even expressed doubt that national ideals have any value whatever—a view which Mr. Perry vigorously riddles in one of his early chapters. To prove the inherent truth of our fundamental principles, to show how well they have served us in the past, and to explain how they can be adapted to the immediate future—these are the purposes of Mr. Perry's long, learned, and carefully-pondered volume.

His historical thesis concerning American ideals suffers some violence from any concise summary, but its main outlines can be roughly indicated. He maintains that puritanism and democracy have been the two main strands which integrate and interpret the American past, and which should continue to inspire our national life. To both terms he gives a broad definition. The two have woven themselves together in an intricate pattern, he argues, sometimes coming into opposition, but in general sustaining and strengthening each other. We shall do the greatest injury to all our main traditional values if, as has been too much the habit of some American intellectuals, we depreciate either of these great interdependent forces. We need the puritan content of moral and religious ideas as we need the social and political content of democracy; each enriches the other; and we can help America reach her proper goals only if we value and nourish both.

Dr. Perry's conception of puritanism is at once broader and deeper than that ordinarily attached to a faith that has been all too easily libelled and cheapened. The puritan system of beliefs, stemming from medieval life but more and more adapted to a modern world, offered a profound view of man in relation to God and society. Among its most important elements were its denial of ordinary forms of authoritarianism; its belief in representative or congregational institutions of church government; its insistence upon the dignity of the individual, his personal responsibility, and his equality with others before God; and its stern moral code. These positive elements, it is obvious, all had an affinity with democracy as it has developed in Western nations. Both puritanism and democracy emphasized the worth of man, irrespective of his rank in church, state, or economic institutions. Both, while elevating man, equalized men. Both accepted the principle of contract between ruler and ruled, obedience being conditioned upon quid pro quo. Both tended toward the formation of independent, self-governing, and more or less levelling communities of men. Dr. Perry, like Stuart P. Sherman, who also insisted upon the partnership of puritanism and democracy, is scornful of those caricaturists who see the Puritan only in the witch-hunter; but quite properly, he does not spend much ammunition on these shallow readers of history.



The essential validity of Dr. Perry's thesis will be warmly denied; but not, I think, by those most firmly grounded in American history. As a matter of fact, it is no unfamiliar thesis to students of Anglo-American institutions. Much of it was stated for England by Lecky, who, in his "Rise and Influence of Rationalism," declared that "it is to Puritanism that we mainly owe the fact that, in England, religion, and liberty were not dissevered," and who asserted that without the aid of the dissenting churches of England and Scotland, the democratic liberty of Britain "would no doubt have been attained, but no one can say how long its triumph would have been retarded." It is interesting to note that Lecky and Mr. Perry both give admiring emphasis to the writings of the majestic Richard Hooker, who so eloquently vindicated the principles of natural right and individual liberty. Lecky remarks that Locke in his treatises on government adopted Hooker's main principles while discarding some of his inhibitions; and Locke was one of the fathers of American independence. Dr. Perry, similarly, notes that Locke was a "carrier" of Calvinism from the Reformation down to the revolutions of 1688 and 1766, and that in such figures we find a clear link between seventeenth century puritanism and the eighteenth century Enlightenment. He might have added that in Benjamin Franklin himself we have another link; for Franklin, brought up

(*Continued on page* 30)

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PAC – Where Is It Going?

THE FIRST ROUND. By Joseph Gaer. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by VICTOR RIESEL

A GROUP of New York political leaders, after chatting with President Roosevelt one day last Fall at the height of the election campaign, were greeted in the anti-room of the President's executive office by a doleful and influential White House adviser.

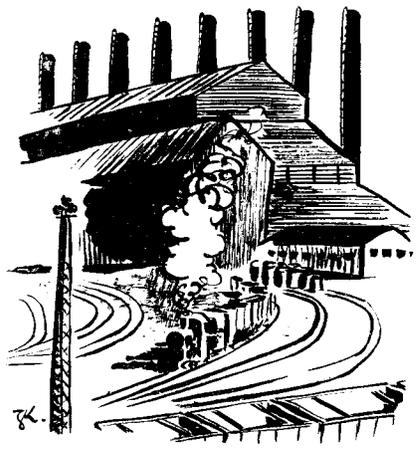
"Aw, cheer up, Judge," one of the politicians said, nodding his head towards the President's oval study. "According to the man in there our troubles are over."

"We've got plenty," was the retort, "and they can be wrapped into one sentence—'Clear it with Sidney.'"

This was but fifteen days before the country was to go to the polls in the nation's most critical election. The Sidney referred to, of course, was Sidney Hillman, chairman of the CIO Political Action Committee. At that time the PAC appeared to be Mr. Roosevelt's greatest liability. The Republican Party, and the many newspaper chains which supported its candidate, simply had shifted the emphasis of their campaigns from the President to Mr. Hillman. The Democratic Party, like the Mauve Decade maiden who had gone astray, was pitied by the G.O.P. and its press. From coast to coast there were hysterical cries that the PAC had seized the Democrats' political machinery; that the CIO was merely awaiting November 7 as Der Tag to take over the nation.

Much of this, of course, was astute Republican propaganda. But a good deal of it was genuine hysteria. And out of this inspired G.O.P. strategy and real fear the PAC developed into one of the most controversial political forces in our history. After the votes were counted it was hailed as a new political power rivalling the Democratic and Republican organizations. So widely publicized was its activity, political writers throughout the world discussed it as a new phenomenon to be reckoned with in the post-war reconstruction era. When the CIO announced that Mr. Hillman was to go to London as a delegate to the international labor conference there, British and American correspondents began to speculate on "whether Mr. Hillman was coming to England to launch a world-wide series of PACs."

However, a minority of political commentators disagreed with this post-election estimate of the PAC's strength and contribution to President Roosevelt's re-election. The dissidents said that no single group was responsible for the retention of the wartime president; that millions of CIO members would have voted for Mr. Roosevelt anyway; that the PAC actually had failed to swing votes in some industrial areas and had alienated farm votes in rural sections; and that the professional Democratic machines, such as those run by Jersey's Frank Hague and Chicago's bellowing Boss Kelly, had delivered the votes. Democrats said that this latter contention was borne out, in New York at least, by a vote break-down made for Tammany leaders and shown to Mr. Roosevelt.



It disclosed that Tammany had polled as many votes in 1944 as in any previous election.

However, political analysts for months will debate the effectiveness of the PAC. Only one thing is certain, the PAC made history and should have a place in its pages. There is room for the recording of its story from the winter day in 1942, when the CIO first thought in vague terms of a political committee, to the present moment which sees the PAC mark time while its leaders tussle with the problems of production and reconversion.

Joseph Gaer, a former PAC staff-member, government employee, and writer on subjects ranging from the Biblical to social security, has tried to create such a record in his book "The First Round, the Story of the CIO PAC." He has failed because he has turned out a "quickie." Most of the volume is devoted to the many slick leaflets released by the PAC (which were mailed or distributed to some 80,000,000 persons.) The rest of the book reads as though it had been written from a complete collection of PAC handouts. The book is filled with many benign pictures of Mr. Hillman, and occasionally there are some good shots of other CIO leaders, but Mr. Gaer does not tell the full, objective story of the PAC.

He does not, for example, analyze what made the PAC sufficiently powerful in Wayne County (Detroit) to give Mr. Roosevelt a majority of some 250,000 votes there and swing the State away from Governor Dewey. He does not tell the full story of its individual but important campaigns such as that run against isolationist Senator Taft in Ohio. Mr. Gaer barely mentions the political phenomena of the Dies-Costello-Starnes defeat. Nor does he devote any space to the PAC's origins back in the gloomy days of 1942 when CIO leaders Philip Murray and James Carey analyzed Congress and found that there were many business executives, publishers, lawyers, even doctors, but no labor men to go to in either House for aid when war production falls off and some 60,000,000 jobs are needed.

Mr. Gaer says that the attacks on the PAC were led by forces of great wealth. That is only a part truth. The A. F. of L. criticized the PAC as did the railway brotherhoods. And there were many liberals who assailed the PAC chairman. By seizing the American Labor Party he foolishly jeopardized the vast, almost magnificent, uprising of industrial workers—an uprising which turned into a nationwide political revolt and frightened the professional politicians.

Mr. Gaer fails to explain why these liberals went all out for PAC throughout the nation although they disagreed with PAC's use of the pro-Communist ALP in New York. And for that matter, the book ignores the implications of the Catholic Church's support of the PAC, support which at the last minute permitted the harassed Mr. Hillman to refute effectively the Republican charge that the PAC was subversive.

These omissions reduce "The First Round" merely to a good collection of the PAC's leaflets—which were the first examples of labor's use of big business's high pressure sales techniques. The PAC was more basic than Mr. Gaer would have us believe—it was more than a rootin'-tootin' hallelujah organization which sold politics as some big companies sell toothpaste.

The PAC was able to spring up over night because the people in the factories were worried. They remembered that only a few years ago Henry Ford's "security" men had assaulted automobile workers' organizer Richard Frangensteen when he had attempted to distribute CIO leaflets in front of the mammoth River Rouge plant. The aircraft workers recalled that only a few years ago they had had to seize the auto factories to force the manufacturers to sit down with CIO leaders at a conference table. The steel workers remembered the "Decoration Day massacre" of their friends by Chicago police and special deputies.

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The Pennsylvania working people remembered the Coal and Iron police, the company stores, the special free-shooting "deputies."

The working people everywhere knew that all this had ended under the Wagner Act, the Wages and Hour Law, the Anti-Injunction Act, the NIRA, and the other labor laws. They knew that they had won these gains under President Roosevelt's New Deal. They wanted him back. And so PAC was able to operate.

However, Mr. Gaer did strike paydirt in his title. This campaign truly was the PAC's first round. The rest of the fight will be tough. It will not have President Roosevelt in its corner as it did in 1944. It will be forced to slug it out alone. For the conservatives are determined to kill it. The professional Democrats, aware that they can come into their own in 1948 when Mr. Roosevelt retires, certainly do not want to share either the spotlight or booty with the PAC.

The American Federation of Labor is angered with the PAC's boasts that the CIO was responsible for the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt and the success of some 110 Congressmen. The Federation's affiliates, led by Daniel Tobin's tough Teamsters, did trojan work for Mr. Roosevelt. So the A. F. of L. can be expected to compete with the CIO for political prestige and for the influence which every labor organization needs in the national and state capitals. Also some strife can be expected inside the PAC. This will break out between the voluble and energetic Communist bloc in the CIO and the liberal leaders such as those who head the Michigan PAC. There the influential Association of Catholic Trade unionists, quietly supported by Michigan's CIO officials, have called on national PAC leaders to rid the organization of the left-wingers or lose the support of "some 300,000 Catholic workers."

The PAC will have other troubles. It was most influential in the areas of the greatest concentration of war workers—Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh. The years to come will see the demobilization of these centers. Some of the CIO's membership will hit the road again—back to their homes in Kentucky, Alabama, and elsewhere in the Solid South. With this decentralization will come a dilution of power. If this happens before the 1946 Congressional elections, the PAC's second round may find it hanging on the ropes. If reconversion does not cripple the PAC, and it takes the second round, then the working people of the nation will have been permanently organized into a political machine which may win the big fights in 1948 and 1952.

The Inner War Against the Filipinos

UNTIL THEY EAT STONES. By Russell Brines. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 340 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THIS is a remarkable first-hand report on the Japanese occupation of the Philippines and a splendid tribute to the Filipinos. "Despite persistent Japanese efforts to arouse Filipino hatred and contempt for Americans," Mr. Brines says, "I know of no instance in which this attitude was displayed." Indeed, far from indulging in Japanese-encouraged "reprisals" against Americans, "these people with the hard, bitter hatred against the conquerors" continued to aid and encourage American prisoners and to resist the Japanese against the inevitable day of the Americans' return. Not even the Tokyo announcement that the Americans had killed President Quezon for "imperialistic" purposes turned the Filipinos against the United States.

Japanese treatment of the Filipinos was a mixture of short-term stupidity and long-range cleverness. The "religious department of the Japanese military administration," for instance, tried to convince Filipino church authorities that there is a "distinct relationship between Catholicism and Japanese ideals." They held the churchmen in virtual captivity, but failed to get Catholic "coöperation." Finally they faked a report that the Vatican had recognized the Philippine "republic."

In the matter of "education" the conquerors have been far more subtle. From the beginning they have taught the youngest of the Filipino primary students that Hirohito is their "father" and protector, that they are "racially aligned throughout history with the Japanese and other Asiatics who are helping them bring world leadership to the Orient from the 'decadent West.'" Indoctrination in Shintoism, joined with thorough training in a widespread youth movement, constitutes an insidious threat to the future of the Filipinos and to permanent peace in the Pacific. "The conquerors," he says, "intend to groom future soldiers to join Asiatic legions under the banner of the Rising Sun in the next war."

Russell Brines

AP newsman Brines speaks with authority. Foreign correspondent in pre-Pearl Harbor Tokyo, war correspondent with the Japanese army in Manchuria and later with the American-Filipino troops in Manila, civilian internee in the Philippines, and "political prisoner" in Shanghai, he has been interpreting Japan and the Japanese for ten years. When the Philippines capitulated he and his wife and twelve-year-old daughter were interned in Santo Tomas Camp. Eleven months later he was confined in Shanghai's first civilian camp. The following year he and his family were reunited on a Japanese exchange ship.

"Until They Eat Stones"—a title taken from the traditional Japanese boast, "We will fight until we eat stones"—starts off with an eye-witness story of the fall and occupation of the Philippines. It gives an impressive account of internment life at Santo Tomas where the author edited a newspaper and a magazine. It relays all that the Philippine "bamboo wireless" reports of the fate that has overtaken the Allied war prisoners.

About half the book is given over to the Philippines. The remaining chapters are divided among Japan's southern empire, continental empire, and homeland. Mr. Brines tells the fascinating story of Admiral Decoux's governorship in Indo-China. This old-world diplomat has pretty much bested the Japanese in a daring game of wits in which he is trying to save for France as much of the colony as possible. In Thailand and Burma the Japanese religious "experts" have capitalized on Buddhism to win the natives over to their war on the white man. In the empire's fabulous "treasure house"—the Netherlands East Indies and Malaya—Japan's army and navy officers are the rulers. These are the only imperial areas not entrusted to puppets. Here too the conquerors are using the religious approach to line the natives up in the crusade against the west.

"Until We Eat Stones" is admirably factual and objective—all the more alarming for that. Its main thesis is that military defeat will not put an end to Japan's plans for world hegemony.

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The Discovery of America, 1920

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. By George and Helen Papashvily. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 202 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

THIS book breathes the air of yesterday, of an era when this country was a land of active immigration, when crowded ships awaiting clearance in the harbor of New York were a common daily pattern, when the peasant and the Central European resident constituted the bulk of our incoming foreign population. The tale of George Papashvily, from the day when he got his first job as dishwasher to his present status of landowner, is, in itself, nothing particularly new in its outline. The story of Mary Antin and the sweat shops, Michael Pupin's biography, the vignettes set forth in the works of Jane Addams and Professor Steiner—all belong to eras more or less contemporary with that covered in this account. But all that does not rob this narrative of its interest.

Mr. Papashvily looks back upon his experiences in a sympathetic, tolerant, and understanding manner. Through the medium of his wife, he has chosen to tell of his trials and efforts in a philosophic mood of acceptance and resignation; he rarely rebels at conditions and never cavils at injustices—at least, not in the book. He loses his Georgian fur hat by an unfair exchange and is grateful because he believes that the newer headgear "Americanizes" him. He gets a job as dishwasher, is fired, and obtains a job as automobile mechanic—all on his first day. He has a tilt with justice and finds more understanding in the court than in the policeman's orders. He works successively as an employee in a glue factory in Pittsburgh, as a strike-breaker elsewhere, as a mechanic in Detroit, as an "extra" in the movies at Hollywood, as a manager of a roadside restaurant, and finally winds up as a farmer in Pennsylvania. He finds his countrymen here—and the descriptions of his meetings with them unconsciously causes the reader to love them as he does. He learns on the day of his arrival how immigrants are exploited, he observes how businesses are inflated at periods preceding their sale, he pays five hundred dollars to discover how lots, "with wonderful futures," are sold while still under water, and in other ways becomes self-taught in the credo, "Caveat emptor."

But although these experiences were fairly common to the immigrant of pre-1924 days, it is significant that nowhere in this book is there any reference to one other experience common to that period—the experience of becoming an American citizen. In that very omission there is implicit a reflection on the emphasis (or, shall we say, lack of emphasis?) that was laid at that time on the question of the true assimilation of the alien. George Papashvily, as well as legions of others, was evidently the subject of one of the then-current fallacies that Americanization could be achieved by a species of osmosis by which a spirit of loyalty to our institutions would subconsciously seep into their being. There were, at this time, some organized programs with meaningful citizenship as their aim, but even the doubts raised because of "hyphenated Americans" at the end of World War I induced no change in national thinking along these lines. Hence, the failure of George Papashvily to refer to any desire to become an American citizen during his twenty years here (judging from his progress, he probably did become naturalized) may be a reflection on his own attitude or, on the other hand, may constitute an indictment of our own lack of vision. He did carry out in his daily life the attributes of American citizenship: he was law abiding, he had a healthy interest in his fellow-man, he was an industrious worker, and he was proud of this country. However, though night schools and settlement houses existed in the crowded areas where he worked, at no time does he refer to them as part of his American experience.

Times have changed—and so has the type of immigrant. When George Papashvily arrived in this country, 700,000 were admitted in the one year; today approximately 28,000 (four percent) enter. The average amount of cash the immigrant had on his person

George and Helen Papashvily

then with which to support himself was twenty-five dollars; today it runs into the hundreds of dollars, even thousands. His was the background of the peasant; today it is that of the schooled person (a survey made five years ago of 4500 refugee-immigrants showed that eighty-eight percent had completed some program of schooling varying from elementary school to the university level, and that all but three percent had gone to some sort of school). The objectives have turned from those of employment and financial security to an avid desire to continue to develop culturally as well as to seek physical security.

Mr. Papashvily's book is an interesting, psychological case-study in the adjustment of the alien, written in terms of personal experiences—each one of which is viewed, in retrospect, with the rich enjoyment and humor that the author felt. His humor proves contagious: it communicates itself to the reader and leaves him smiling at the happy ending to this tale of tribulation and bewilderment.

Landfall

Martha Bacon

THIS safety shall be yours, the fiery haven
Of the heart's holiness, no harbour other
Shall keep this fragile craft, nor hold the raven
From her high feasting, oh my flesh, my brother,
Divinely imaged most divinely wearing
The substance of a man, the angelic feature.
There is no refuge, save at last despairing
It lies within the sacramental creature.
All summer burns before us, this I give you,
White wings and tremulous flowers, pale and gleaming.
Dark flame of autumn, hot at heel, to shrive you
Follows, and follows snow. Sleep without dreaming.
There is no safety here, heart's darling, only
Yourself the sanctuary, perfect, lonely.

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Inventory of American Possibilities

HERE COMES TOMORROW. By A. W. Zelomek. New York: Ziff-Davis. 1944. 131 pp. $2.

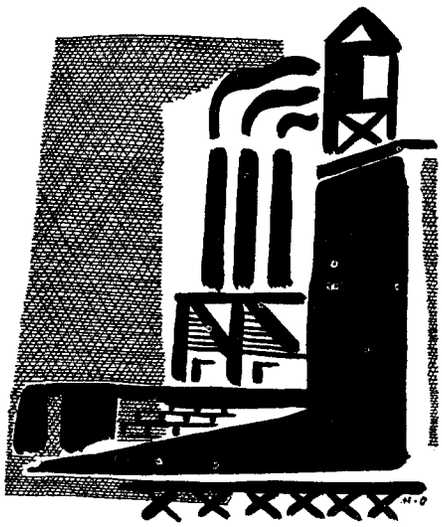
Reviewed by PAUL M. O'LEARY

ECONOMIC forecasting is tricky business under the most favorable circumstances. Circumstances likely to prevail during the next ten years look far from favorable. Consequently forecasts covering that period are unusually risky. But there seems to be no shortage of professional forecasters willing to incur the risk boldly and confidently under such breezy titles as "The Rest of Your Life," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and now "Here Comes Tomorrow." The author of this last book, A. W. Zelomek, has had a long career as a business forecaster. His international Statistical Bureau, Inc., has prospered in a highly competitive market and one in which serious mistakes are not easily forgiven by subscribers who rely upon the Bureau's advice as a guide to business policy. Mr. Zelomek has trained himself to write succinctly and clearly. He treats his subject soberly and thoughtfully. The result is a readable book best described as restrainedly optimistic, with pessimistic overtones. It is a book largely without a program of action even where the author's predictions are on the pessimistic side. The author conceives of himself as a forecaster, not a planner.

I can find little to quarrel with in Mr. Zelomek's reasoning about the general level of business activity after the war. His chapters on activity in the construction industry and the consumers' durable goods industries seem sound and sensible. His chapter on America's Magic Carpet is possibly too optimistic about the sheer volume of business activity that will be generated by the great expansion in air transportation that is sure to take place after the war. This will be a great and fascinating industry but the volume of business which it will generate will fall far short of that generated by railroads in any decade during the last half of the nineteenth century or by automobiles during the 1920's.

The chapter on foreign trade may be thought by many readers to err on the side of pessimism; but no one has yet demonstrated how we can actually enjoy the large volume of exports the optimists talk about except by again pretending that we are selling goods when really we are giving them away. Mr. Zelomek refuses to assume that we shall repeat the follies of the 1920's. He recognizes that in our own interest we should export considerable quantites of food, clothing, medical supplies, and machinery for world relief and rehabilitation without thought of any repayment except our share of the general benefits flowing from the restoration of stable social conditions in the war-shocked areas. But even here his doubts about the capacity of UNRRA to discharge its great responsibility make him somewhat skeptical of actual results. His attitude in this matter seems thoroughly justified.

Though it is difficult to quarrel with the general reasoning by which Mr. Zelomek arrives at his main conclu-



sions as to the level of business activity after the war, it is equally difficult to be as complacent as he seems to be about those conclusions. Should we view with complacency the prospect that "six to eight million persons will be without jobs within two years" after the war is over? Certainly the "six to eight" million are not going to be complacent about it. They have been useful during the war and they and many others are going to insist that what can be useful in war can and must be used in peace. And they may be pretty vigorous in their insistence. Moreover, they have been promised that there will be sixty million jobs after the war. The promise may be viewed as a rash one or a noble one but it has been made and it will not be forgotten. We are going to have to do better than Mr. Zelomek predicts we shall do if we are to avoid trouble. I am sure that he would agree.

There is one unfortunate implication in this book and others like it which have appeared recently. That is that the war is about over and it is time to do a lot of thinking and planning about "post-war." Perhaps the German offensive has cured us of that dangerous tendency to overconcentrate on "post-war." But it is a sad fact that we have never really gone all out for total war. At best our war effort has been about a seventy-five per cent effort. It has been a prodigious effort but less prodigious than it could have been had the "hard" school of Leon Henderson and Joseph Weiner has its way instead of the "softer" school which has prevailed.

I find Mr. Zelomek's book sometimes too friendly to the "soft" point of view. Thus on page 15 he says, "And here fighting for the survival of the civilian economy on which our war effort rests, fighting for the present and future of the small business concern and for the position of the nation's wage earners and consumers the day after cancellation day, have been a few members of the WPB, the Truman Committee and the Murray Committee." It would be more accurate to say (1) In recent months there have been too many people in WPB (and in other Government agencies) fighting for the civilian economy *at the expense of* the war effort; (2) The most important result of the Truman Committee activities has been a new Vice-President; and (3) The Murray Committee has harassed and consumed the time of conscientious Government officials who have been trying to go all out for total war as the quickest way to peace and the most effective way to save the blood of our young men.

But happily the day will come when it will be not merely appropriate to think about the first ten post-war years but vitally necessary to do so. At that time "Here Comes Tomorrow" will deserve to be widely read as the thoughtful product of an intelligent and informed mind, a mind remarkably free from wishful thinking, and not at all given to confusing economic cliches with economic thought.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 82

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 82 will be found in the next issue.

USXOFA VRQ KWXKSOIS, MFG HRGOSXG DRMWZ VFAG KWXAFVVRGS.

—NWZRKS VRXX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 81

TALK LOGIC WITH ACQUAINTANCES, AND PRACTICE RHETORIC IN YOUR COMMON TALK. —SHAKESPEARE.

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Problems in Human Reconversion

SOLDIER TO CIVILIAN. By George K. Pratt, M. D. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 233 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH PETERSON

MIDPASSAGE in this war has already produced three books on the veteran that reflect an unusual quality and depth. Dixon Wecter's longish "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was a competent study of what happened to the veterans of three other American wars, and neatly provided the historical background for Willard Waller's aggressively socio-economic "Veteran Comes Back." Now, to add to the historical and sociological contributions on this widening "Veteran" library shelf, comes George Pratt's study of the veteran's psychological anatomy, "Soldier to Civilian."

Curiously, the first two books have something in common that sets Pratt's book rudely off by itself. The Wecter and Waller studies can be read with equal profit by soldier and civilian, but Pratt's book must satisfy itself entirely with a civilian audience.

The author's present post as psychiatric examiner at an Army induction center (he was formerly at Yale) emphasizes his book's obvious, but major point: that the majority of psychological upsets in the veteran draw their main roots from his life prior to induction. In addition to the psychological aberrations with which he enters service, the soldier finds three primary adjustments awaiting him: loss of individuality, loss of entrenched habits of living, and loss of complete freedom to shape his life according to needs and desires.

In their sum total, these are massive adjustments, and in the veterans already appearing everywhere in America (the armed forces are discharging 100,000 a month) you will see a variety of response. Understanding of these adjustments is necessary for the civilian in his mystical ignorance of military life to understand the differences in veterans—such as the disparity in the way veterans regard combat experiences, how some talk endlessly about them and others maintain complete silence; how the veteran who wrote such nostalgic letters from overseas about home and friends avoids both once he's back, and seeks other companionship; how marriages—prewar and GI vintage—drown in the sudden and alarming pool of a veteran's restlessness. Case histories illustrate these conflicts.

At least one Victorian notion has been blown sky-high in this war, that "the Army makes a man out of you." True, most of our thirteen million soldiers entered the Army in adolescence, and their military-born maturity is apt to be harder and more durable matter than had it come while civilian. But the tortured, troubled, unsuccessful adolescent who couldn't make the grade as a civilian probably won't make it in the Army, either. Those emotionally immature people who have slipped through the Army's reasonably accurate induction screenings have become real headaches in uniform.

In Army orientation work, this writer has found many of a type of soldier on whom Pratt dwells but briefly—the guy "who found a home in the army" (expressed in GI lingo... "we never had it so good"). The basically sound, but shy, self-conscious individual finds in the Army a sense of belonging that gives him in military confines his first successful design in living, and he is reluctant to leave it. Contrariwise, the perennial "wise guy," who knew all the angles in civilian life and always had a more effective way of doing things than convention, soon earns his buddies' distrust and falls into the discard in military life, where "gung ho" is imperative to survival.

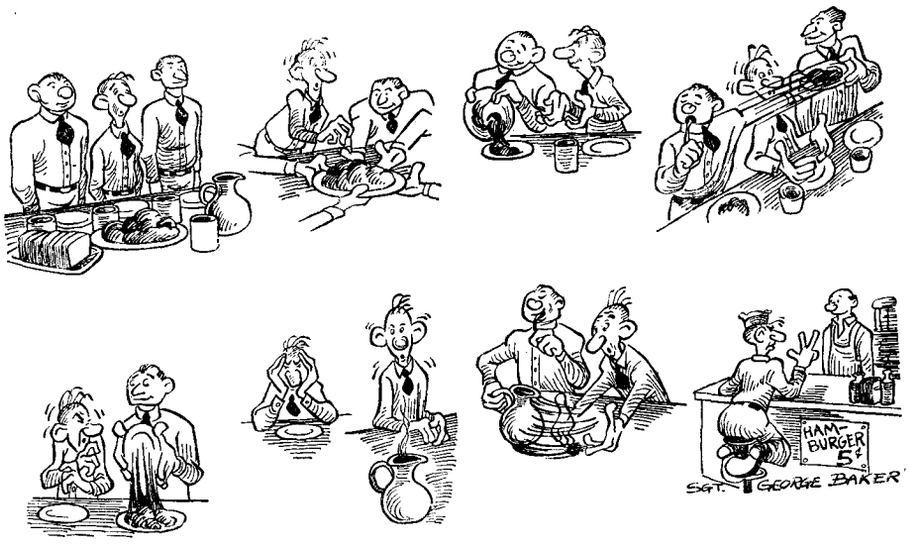
The compensations of military life are obvious. Some men are rescued from intolerable civilian lives from which they lacked the courage to escape. Others find even in discipline a climate for ego-expansion, sometimes an unhealthy landscape out of which will come a sizeable crop of brand-new fascists. Some find the absence of worry about eternal civilian verities—food, shelter, clothing—the necessary step to full confidence in themselves. All-important—of course—is the fact that in the Army men learn the value of complete comradeship.

Induction screening manages to keep out of the Army most of the three types utterly useless to the war: the anti-social, excessively neurotic, and distorted characters. The third type is hardest to detect, and adds up to the most medical discharges in the end.

At discharge, the veteran will be psychologically what he was when he entered service *plus* his record of adjustment *plus* his advance toward maturity. Even more so than with an equal number of civilians, this war's veterans will provide no easy categories, each case will be a unique problem in adjustment back to civilian.

One disappointing conclusion about Pratt's book you will be unable to escape is that it is essentially an elementary text in psychiatry—with a contemporary cover. Aside from its medical authenticity and speaking from a rather wide contact with the men fighting our war, this reviewer feels Pratt's dogged insistence on orthodoxy in approach has caused him to pass over lightly what is the major difference between veteran and civilian psychiatry. To my mind, the greatest loss the veteran faces—the impact most likely to upset his balance—is the loss of comradeship, the rooting up out of a coöperative world of a man grown used to group living, and confronting him with an intensely competitive society.

As the weakest of the three major veteran's books thus far, it is a curious fact that Pratt's book—besides its exclusively civilian appeal—will be read first, since psychological adjustment necessarily precedes sociological and economic adjustment with every man leaving service.



—*From the book, "Sad Sack."*

Sgt. Baker's "Sad Sack" has a meal.

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Strictly Personal

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Romain Rolland

IN the end he was almost forgotten in France. Among littérateurs it had become fashionable to look down upon what they considered his intemperate and diffuse style. And yet Rolland's voice carried weight again when, at the outbreak of the Second War, he publicly renounced the absolute pacifism which during the First one had estranged him from large parts of his French audience. Earlier than any other Frenchman, as *SRL's* editorial note on Rolland said last week, Rolland had seen the writing on the wall—and had kept up his faith more tenaciously than most. "History," so he wrote when both wars were still in the lap of the gods, "has always corrected the notion about a decaying France. We have survived many another trial since, in the days of Jeanne d'Arc, packs of wolves were roving the city of Paris. Growing immorality, effeminacy, pleasure-hunting, and the whole anarchy of our time—all this does not frighten me. *De la patience!* He who wants to survive must endure. . . ."

When the Vichy government imposed house arrest on the septuagenarian, he may have fortified himself by calling these lines to his mind again. And meeting, as he probably did, the young F.F.I. men who defied torture and death, he must more than once have remembered his famous "We must die, Christophe, to be born again." Born five years before the Third Republic came into being, he lived both to see its collapse and to watch the first dawn of a new France mount over the battlefields. "We must die, Christophe, to be born again."

The three bulky volumes of "Jean Christophe" were published at intervals between 1904 and 1912. Planned as the spiritual history of a sensitive, single-hearted artist "bruising himself against the rocks of life," this novel had grown to a complete, three-dimensional panorama of Europe at the turn of the century. The choice alone of its hero had been a bold venture: here was a successful French novelist, playwright, musical student, and critic who set out to see and present his Europe through the eyes of a German.

As a landscape appears different to the eye at various hours of the day, so this *roman fleuve* has opened different vistas to each of the three generations which has read it. To readers in ante-bellum Europe it was the novel of a thoroughgoing individualist facing and, in his own way, battling, the world—an *Erziehungsroman* on the German pattern of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and Gottfried Keller's "Der Grüne Heinrich," a patiently told romance whose main woman character, an Italian countess, soon became the dream image of every young artist longing for understanding and human warmth. To that first generation of readers the fissures in Jean Christophe's changing environments merely belonged to the background settings of his story. When the shooting was on, and after, "Jean Christophe" appeared in quite another light: the Franco-German antagonism, as presented chiefly through the hero's difficult friendship with Olivier, suddenly seemed to take up much more space than before in the novel: it stood, as a paradigmatic theme, for all the dissensions, all the mutual misunderstandings, and all the dividing and divided forces which had driven the Continent into disaster. The postwar youth failed to grasp why their fathers had never read Rolland's novel that way. It is significant that in the early twenties "Jean Christophe" was probably nowhere read with more enthusiasm than in Central Europe.

Today, readers who come across those three tomes for the first time will easily discern the predominance, among the numerous social issues touched upon, of the problem of liberty and personal responsibility. "Man's duty is to be what he is—to have the courage to say: this is good, and that is evil." Roughly ten years after Rolland finished "Jean Christophe," Thomas Mann published his "Magic Mountain"; it would be tempting to compare the Settembrini-Naphta conflict of that other "European" novel with Jean Christophe's discussions with Olivier—and thus in retrospect to follow the road of Europeanism towards doom, as seen by two masters.

BOTH as a historical document, then, and a document of responsible foresightedness "Jean Christophe" has hardly an equal in modern writing. But it still may be wondered whether it was its literary importance alone which in 1916 prompted the Stockholm committee to award Rolland the Nobel prize for literature. No doubt, that award also went to the man behind the book—the well-nigh unique phenomenon of a man of letters who, meeting the challenge of reality, acted himself as he would have wanted his fictional hero to act in the given situation. Here at last was an author who lived up to his written word. He had meant it, and by action proved that he had done so. "There is not one poem, not one prayer or act of faith which belongs to the whole of Europe. There is not one single man alive who has thought and written for all men! This is a disgrace which should dash to the ground all the thinkers and all the artists of our contemporary world!"

Perhaps Romain Rolland had wanted to become that "single man" himself. But when Europe went to pieces in August, 1914, he first of all tried to do his bit as a simple citizen of Europe: he took over a modest clerical job with the over-burdened Geneva office of the International Red Cross. Only later he began to write again.

Looking back at Rolland's World War I activities, one is stunned by the remoteness of his absolute pacifism and his approach to the barbarism which had broken loose. Many of his articles, first printed in the *Journal de Genève* and in 1915 collected and published under the title *"Au Dessus de la Mêlée,"* may seem naive and even trite to a generation which has drifted through the years of the Great Armistice, accepting almost as a matter of course the growth of evil in their midst. Nothing, alas, looks more like a banality than idealism which has failed.

Historically speaking, the influence which that small volume gained on the course of European thinking in the First World War has often been overrated. The circle of pacifist writers and artists from various countries which gathered around Rolland in Switzerland had practically no politi-

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cal strength. But there remained—and still remains—the heart-warming spectacle of a man, well in his forties, who with the ardor of a youthful prophet in the midst of battle maintained that "truth is the same everywhere." "Everything," he wrote, "that is unjust is my enemy. . . . Wherever liberty is violated there is my country." *

The German to whom Rolland addressed his famous letter was Gerhart Hauptmann. Shortly before the outbreak of the war that great dramatist, too, had written a few verses against war. But when Rolland now asked him to share his indignation at the wanton destruction of Louvain, Gerhart Hauptmann bluntly rejected the accusation—"the Kaiser Himself has rejected it." Twenty-five years later, Gerhart Hauptmann had merely to replace the Kaiser's name with that of the Fuehrer; Romain Rolland, confronted with greater horrors than the destruction of a library, had to admit his error.

There is, of course, another side to the fact of Rolland's absolute pacifism. Perhaps his noble credo of 1915 had really its share in the subsequent guilt of the Western democracies, where great parts of the post-war intelligentsia so smugly accepted Rolland's pacifist message—without at the same time accepting the responsibilities asked for by Rolland's high-minded concept of international brotherhood. As it was, that concept lacked the religious energies which had shaped and loaded the pacifism of Tolstoy. Rolland's ideal of a mutually agreed-upon non-violence rested on too weak a ground to withstand the onslaught of both violence and complacency.

A lover of man and mankind, he yet came to distrust the masses. With anguish he watched the "swallowing up of the individual soul in the abysmal depths of the group soul . . . an event," as he put it in 1920, "far more serious in its consequences for the future of mankind than is the temporary supremacy of this or that nation." He called himself "a republican with advanced socialist sympathies," but he remained an individualist at heart.

Rolland was an indefatigable worker; the bibliography of his amazingly catholic production fills many pages. In his novel "Colas Breugnon" he has shown himself as a master of classical novel writing, and proved that the often-asserted carelessness of his style was of his own choosing. His historical plays brought him ample recognition from all over the world, and his occupation with a "people's theatre" inspired that movement in many a country. His Michelangelo book and his biographies of composers were translated into every living language.

He was perhaps less fortunate in his preoccupation with Indian affairs. His much talked-of Moscow journey in 1935 to Maxim Gorki only added fuel to the old controversy in his own country about where he stood. It is very simple: Romain Rolland stood wherever he thought he could find truth, and wherever he felt he might be allowed to help suffering mankind by speaking up. That he has always done without the slightest trace of bitterness.

World literature will keep Rolland's name as the author of "Jean Christophe." But one day man's dream of peace must come true; and then he will be remembered again as the prophet and apostle he was—no matter how different the methods of maintaining peace may be in that distant future, and no matter how inadequate his own idealistic efforts, how exalted, and unrealistic his demands may look to us today. ROBERT PICK.

*Editor's footnote: An apparent variant of Benjamin Franklin's "Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

An Interpretation of the Good Book

THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON READER. By Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. *xi,* 316 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLA MCCLUNG EVANS

ALTHOUGH Mary Ellen Chase "makes no claim to profound Biblical scholarship" for her interpretation of the Good Book, her reliance upon recent research and criticism is apparent throughout "The Bible and the Common Reader." The soundness of Miss Chase's approach to problems of chronology and authorship, and the classification of the subject matter according to its derivation from legendary and factual sources, reveal more than a passing acquaintance with historical, linguistic, and archelogical investigation. This study is unique among recent interpretations of the Scriptures, I believe, in that it sets forth modern scholarly opinion with the appeal that a skilful novelist commands. The book is more, however, than a synthesis of criticism and research expressed in markedly clear and fluid prose. For Miss Chase's purpose was to share with the common reader her own delight in and enthusiasm for the Bible. Thus, this book is also a record of the author's personal reactions to the Scriptures.

The plan of "The Bible and the Common Reader" is ambitious. It includes a discussion of the stories, the poetry, the writings, and lives of many great leaders of the Old and New Testaments, prefaced by a comment upon the nature of the Bible and the growth of the King James Version, and a history of the Hebrew people. The common reader should not complain, therefore, that "Leviticus, most of Deuteronomy, the Chronicles, practically all of Ezekiel, and many of the minor prophets, have been given no place in this book"—even though he may not agree in every case that the omitted materials "are relatively undistinguished and uninteresting as literature."

My own peculiar delight in this study came from the evident freshness of the author's experience as a reader of the Bible, a freshness that communicated itself in a sort of contagious exuberance. This appeal is not, of course, the result of the author's recent discovery of the Bible, for as a child Miss Chase memorized many lengthy passages of Scripture, and in later years contributed an essay, "The King James Version," to a volume of criticism called "The Bible and Its Literary Associations." This sense of immediacy the reader detects is obviously a device the artist in words has used to compel a response. While a detailed analysis of Miss Chase's methods in carrying out her purpose—the sharing of her delight in and enthusiasm for the Bible—might be irrelevant here, the effectiveness of the appeal is pertinent. For the reader partakes of the wonder, awe, and fear of Job as he listened to the whirlwind, the "fitting setting for the voice of God," despairs with Jeremiah over the "days of darkness and chaos," and exults with Isaiah in a vision of Holiness—after which he is "sorrowfully conscious of his own littleness and inadequacy."

The chief virtue of the book as I see it is the frequent quotation of the Bible. Left by himself to peruse the Scriptures, the common reader might never happen upon so many choice selections. Perhaps no better compliment can be paid to Miss Chase than to call attention to the skill with which she has built up to and introduced excerpts of Holy Writ. The reader is often unaware of the break between Miss Chase's text and the majestic pronouncement of prophet or apostle, or even the ecstatic song of cherubim.

There are few persons (except perhaps the rigidly orthodox) to whom in these troubled and chaotic times the spiritual adventure of sharing Miss Chase's enthusiasm for and delight in the Bible would not be a comfort and a joy.

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War Drawings and Paintings

ART IN THE ARMED FORCES. Pictured by Men in Action. New York: Hyperion Press. 1944. 232 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

WE are engaged in a mechanized war. Not only are planes and robots flying through the air, tanks and jeeps coursing over the land, and new fighting craft skimming over the waters but the movement of war is being caught on photographic film and preserved for the future. Notwithstanding, however, the improvements that have been made in photography since those Civil War days when Matthew Brady followed the Union Army in a truck and laboriously turned out his pictures by the wet plate process, there is an intangible something lacking in the superb snap shots that have been made in the present conflict.

What this something is, is hard to define. Technically most of the photographs have been perfect, many of them conform to all rules of pictorial composition, all of them are convincing in their verity. Yet none of them completely conveys that feeling of "blood and sweat and tears," or even of laughter, that one experiences in fox holes, behind hedgerows, or in army camps. It is in this respect that machinery again fails. To find a true portrayal of the spirit of war one must turn to the artistic output of those men who have experienced war in the air, land, and on the sea.

Some of this output is contained within the covers of "Art in the Armed Forces," a collection of drawings and paintings made by members of the Army, the Navy, the Coast Guard, and the Merchant Marine. Aimee Crane has edited the volume and in selecting the illustrations shows a catholicity of taste that is much to be commended in a book such as this.

I, for my part, particularly like the virile paintings of Robert Doares, U.S.A., Manuel Bromberg, U.S.A., the expressive sketches of Mitchell Jamieson, U.S.N.R., and the forceful water colors of Donald Lester Dickson, U.S. M.C. Nor must I forget Albert Gold, U.S.A., whose sketches made on a crowded train from Scotland brought back to me poignant memories. The pencil drawings of Leslie Cope, U.S. A.A.F., although not made in France, portray the spirit of the army so well that they recalled for me similar scenes I had witnessed in Normandy.

These, however, are purely personal preferences. Others will find more satisfaction in the accomplished academic work of Otto Pleissner, U.S.A. A.F., Dwight Sheppler, U.S.N.R., or Arthur Draper, U.S.N.R. For me, however, there is a primitiveness and brutality in war which do not lend themselves to academic expression. Yet even the more or less conventional pictures in this book do not fail where the camera does. They have a spirit in them which is lacking in photographs, no matter how much of an artist the man behind the lens is.

I have singled out but a few of the artists represented and I have not referred to the appreciative articles by officers in different branches of the services. But this is war time and paper is scarce. If this were not the case the chances are that the publishers would have provided larger margins for the adequate reproductions in the book. As it is, the make-up is somewhat jumbled. But after all, were there no war, there would have been none of these drawings or paintings to reproduce.

—A watercolor by Anthony Vaiksnoras, from the book. **Street, Mers El Kebir, North Africa.**

Yank Humor

WHAT AM I LAUGHING AT? By Sgt. Ralph Stein. New York: Whittlesey House. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1944. 104 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HERE is a collection of Sergeant Stein's best cartoons from *Yank: The Army Weekly,* "with a rather long foreword by Sgt. Joe McCarthy," and, for end-papers, "a slap-happy map of forty-eight certain pieces of terrain in America that will be so nice to come home to." Sgt. McCarthy says that Sgt. Stein is "a civilian at heart—and one of the weirdest civilians you ever saw." After a sentence or two the horrid secret comes out: "Sergeant Stein is fighting this war so that he will be able to spend the rest of his life playing with his toy electric trains." Not such a bad idea at that! You'll have to read McCarthy to hear all about Sgt. Stein's hobbies and how he and his brother Pfc. Stein once planned to take possession of the *Rex.* Sgt. Stein joined *Yank* two years ago. But you couldn't leave Sgt. Stein and Sgt. Marion Hargrove alone for a minute, they were both so wacky. They would always wind up in a second-hand book-store. So Stein was finally instructed to do funny pages without text.

His pages, to judge by this book, are really funny. But the main consideration is that he can draw like a streak. In other words, he is a beautiful draughtsman. All I can say is I wish all soldiers looked like his soldiers and all mice like his mice, meaning G.I.s and G.F.s. Whether he is doing camouflage, the censor, the army cook, the hand salute, living in jungles, or how similar are past and future occupations to life in the army (classification department), Stein has that rich fruitcake touch to all his depictions. Anyway, I should like to see a thousand tons of this book dropped on Germany.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
Norman Cousins, *Editor*
Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, John Mason Brown — *Associate Editors*
William Rose Benét, Bennett Cerf — *Contributing Editors*
Harrison Smith
President
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PREPARING THE WAY

"BUT we must not permit the many specific and immediate problems of adjustment connected with the liberation of Europe to delay the establishment of permanent machinery for the maintenance of peace. . . . Many of the problems of the peace are upon us even now while the conclusion of the war is still before us."

So wrote President Roosevelt in his recent message to Congress, at a moment when peace seems to have retreated into the distance.

Yet it was a timely statement that Mr. Roosevelt made, for the disappointment of hope in a speedy peace and the uneasiness over the political situation in Europe, have revealed again how precariously poised American opinion on world coöperation is. Old isolationist arguments, veiled but recognizable, have sprung up anew in the weeks of desperate fighting when Germany has demonstrated how formidable an opponent she still remains, and even convinced internationalists, as they have watched with growing distress the course of events in Greece and Poland, have given utterance to doubt and fears as to the possibility of successfully establishing a post-war union of nations.

That the mass of the American people believe that some form of international coöperation after the war is a pre-essential to durable peace there can be no doubt, but that there are many who still must be persuaded and others who must be stiffened in their resolution there can also be small question. It behooves all who believe in coöperation to preach it in season and out, to spread the gospel among all ages and kinds of persons.

To the generation which lived its youth in the years before the First World War it is a startling and sobering fact to discover that the young people who are now nearing their twenties have recollections of no period unshadowed by depression or battle. That knowledge of a secure and peaceful world which has been the stay of their elders, and which, having once been experienced, has given the latter courage to envision a future in which society again may be geared to peace instead of panoplied for war, is lacking to them. They have no backlog of confident serenity to offset the alarms and agonies of the present, no realization of the quickening of which society is capable when enthusiasm is enlisted for progress and reform. A realistic, sceptical lot, war, tragically, seems the normal order of living to them, and future wars the inevitable concomitant of tomorrow. They, these youngsters still in their teens, many of them even now prematurely leaving their homes and their schools, in another quarter century will be the parents of children of military age. And it is tragic that they should feel and say—as many of them do—that their sons and daughters will be the victims of the next war.

It is more than tragic, it is disastrous if many of them hold that opinion, for it is defeatism where defeatism is most dangerous, among the very group on whose determination to maintain peace, peace will depend. The only workable assumption for the world is that international accord is a possibility, and the only hope for civilization is that enough people will believe it a possibility to set up the machinery to further it. To look upon war as inevitable is to court it, and for the young to feel themselves helpless to prevent it is every whit as calamitous as to have them grow up with a sense of war guilt as did their elder brothers and sisters.

But youth at least is pliant, and for the most part holds its opinions on public affairs lightly. More difficult to influence is that vast aggregation of Americans of middle or later age who, without much knowledge of history and with vivid recollections of the events of the past twenty-five years, is confirmed in its convictions or its doubts. It is here most especially that the propagandist for internationalism must get in his work, and he cannot begin too soon or keep at it too steadily. The American—even the unschooled American—has a long tradition of public debate. Every country store, every saloon in the days when saloons still flourished in the land, every gathering place of any sort, served the American as a forum for airing and exchanging opinions. Today the press, the radio, the movie have multiplied a millionfold the possibility of expounding theory and idea to him.

Today and tomorrow and the next day, until the war is won, all the agencies that can affect his thinking should bombard him with argument and example and exposition until when at last the Allies gather to discuss the peace he will already have been won to the cause of international coöperation. Youth and the masses—what an irresistible cohort for peace!

A. L.

Question and Answer

William Justema

A QUESTION is not a question I am told
if it begins with "Why" instead of "How,"
and likewise time is not for questioning:
only a clown expects an answer to his "Now?"

When will the war end? That's a laugh!
A war can't end until the end of irony,
until all contradictions are explored,
and Hamlets decide whether and what to be.

We wait on machinery beyond our ken:
not only firepower, supplies, and weather;
we wait until each man has his chance
to find his nature out, if ever.

I do not mean to stress a brotherhood
that binds because of hardships shared.
Let everyone learn the poles he has within,
then choose a point of view, whoever dares.

For we are worse and better than we knew
and show it with the lengthening hour.
And let none ask when will "it" be over
save those to whom a loved one won't return.
And they don't ask. To them it's over.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To *SRL* Readers:

The editors wish to thank the many hundreds of *SRL* readers who responded to the request by the Format Headache Editor for advice on proposed changes designed to get the maximum mileage out of paper rationing. Replies are still coming in heavily, but it may be possible to present a fairly complete report to the readers on the result in the issue after the next. Right now, however, there can be no doubt that on one point at least *SRL* readers are in overwhelming agreement—they are opposed to the change in type from 8 point on 10 point to 8 point on 9 point, so that one headache at least has been removed and the type will remain as it is now.

Protest from Mr. Bowers

Sir: As editor of "Foreign Influences in American Life" which was reviewed by Mr. Horace Kallen in this journal, December 16, I wish to protest the character of that review.

To Mr. Kallen's intemperate language, to his evident animus against "the professors"—which perhaps persuaded him even before reading the volume that it could have little to contribute—I take no exception. These are characteristics which one might expect from a certain type of reviewer, particularly one who like Mr. Kallen, although a professor himself, has never been properly appreciated in academic circles. Nor do I intend to suggest that the volume is without defect. Of its many imperfections—especially in the sections written by myself—I am fully aware.

I do wish to protest, however, the fact that Mr. Kallen seems not to have read the book with even a minimum degree of care. For example, he charges the contributors collectively, and Mr. Handlin in particular, with failing to recognize that in the interaction between the immigrant and the native born the immigrant plays not only an active but a passive role as well. Even the most cursory reading of Mr. Handlin's essay would have revealed to Mr. Kallen that this is precisely one of the points Mr. Handlin makes in defending his thesis—pp. 92-98—that the immigrant has been used politically as a scapegoat, as a figure who has often been blamed for conditions for which he is clearly not responsible. Similarly, Mr. Kallen charges me, in my concluding essay on the influence of Darwin and Hegel upon Dewey, with failing to discuss the continuity between Dewey's instrumentalism and the older, liberal tradition of Jefferson. Again, a mere reading of the essay would have revealed that I raised just this problem—explicitly and not by indirection—on pp. 168f.

"I'm new here. . . . Where do I go for all these things you've ordered?"

These and other remarks suggest that Mr. Kallen is the kind of gifted critic who needs not read a work through to understand its argument fully. They also suggest that there are at least two virtues which Mr. Kallen could profitably borrow from "the professors," namely, accuracy and a sense of intellectual responsibility to his readers.

David F. Bowers.
Princeton University.

Mr. Kallen Replies

Sir: Thank you for letting me see Professor Bowers's charmingly temperate comment on my review of the book he has edited.

I take it that he does not like being referred to as "professor." Since I am a professor myself, even though only improperly appreciated in academic circles, I can sympathize with him. Professors, like other craftsmen, develop chronic occupational diseases. One is a peculiar way of using ordinary language and arranging ideas which identifies them occupationally as uniforms identify policemen. None of us is exempt from it, I certainly not; and Professor Bowers's so very accurate discussion of "impact" seemed to me an especially acute case of it. Only Prof. Blackmur's essay struck me as exempt—but then Prof. Blackmur is also a poet—so I thought it worth while to call attention to the occupation of the essayists.

Very naturally, again, because Prof. Bowers cannot accept my opinion of his book, he temperately whispers that I have not read it. For proof he offers two items: The first consists of the pages in which Prof. Handlin shows how and why immigrants were used as scapegoats in politics. But if Prof. Bowers had read with no less attention than he read Handlin what I said about the use of the immigrant in native politics, he would perhaps have been able to restrain himself from this example of temperance. For I referred to a conventional stereotype, in no way complicated by scapegoating, that the immigrant is the agent and not the passive instrument in corrupt politics. I said that this judgment is an error, and I wrote that as Prof. Handlin handles the subject, the immigrant's "passivity is hardly apparent."

Prof. Bowers's second instance consists of the pages in which Prof. Bowers contradicts alleged claims that there is any continuity between the thought of John Dewey and "Jeffersonianism." Here the proofreader has presented him with a case. He would not have had it if I myself had had a chance to read proof and catch errors, including the misspelling both of Prof. Bowers's name and Prof. Blackmur's. In my manuscript it was written: "He has nothing to say . . . of the facts of the continuity of James's and Dewey's thought with the Jeffersonian tradition." In print it came out as "nothing to say . . . of the continuity." This is very regrettable; it is a trial to my temper as well as Prof. Bowers's. But I stick to my point. Prof. Bowers does not say anything about the historic connection between Dewey and Jefferson, about Dewey's reading in Jefferson and Jeffersonians. Dialectician as he is, he merely contradicts those who claim that there is such a connection, without inquiring whether in fact there is or not. One does not learn from his essay whether Prof. Bowers has read either Jefferson or Dewey. One learns only that

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he has read Morton J. White's "The Origin of Dewey's Instrumentalism."

On the whole, the "impact" of Prof. Bowers's letter, even when added to "the sum total of all the effects registered" upon me "as a result of interacting" with his book, does not persuade me that I have not used this book or that I should alter my opinion of it. I appreciate his gracious invitation to borrow the professional virtues he recommends, but until he can add example to precept, I must continue to live in sin.

H. M. KALLEN.

New York, N. Y.

This Is Not a War Letter

SIR: After reading your editorial of December 30, may I call your attention to some of the privations which you did not include in your splendidly comprehensive list? I name them, not in a spirit of criticism of the omission but rather in the hope that when medals and citations are given out to these unsung heroes and heroines no deserving one will be overlooked.

First, let us be duly appreciative of the suffering of the civilian unfortunate enough to be deprived of the services of a special nurse—a sufferer from a cold in the head who has taken him or her self to the hospital and must struggle with the radio button alone and read the newspaper with its harrowing headlines completely without assistance. Let us hope that the men in foxholes do not hear of these deprivations, which are directly traceable to the fact that those special nurses are in Army hospitals at home and abroad taking care of men who were careless enough to get themselves wounded.

I also deplore the necessity for the boring, oft-reiterated pleas, over the radio and in the press, for nurse's aides to help the nurses in our Army and civilian hospitals. It is perfectly natural that a man should resent taking his dinner out or climbing into a hastily made bed two days a week, simply because his wife has elected to trot up and down a hospital ward. Small wonder if he becomes impatient with the local paper for giving space to those long lists of women who are graduating from this or that Red Cross course or that he finds it necessary to eliminate the war-working Browns and Joneses from his social life. It is also most unreasonable to expect a woman to take a tiresome course and forego those bridge games which are so important in keeping her mind off the war or to risk missing the current films.

These are minor omissions, perhaps, yet I believe their importance for the helpless citizen must not be underestimated. Let me congratulate you, sir, on your unequivocal editorial stand—it shows a sympathetic, almost tender, understanding of what is obviously becoming a national menace.

ELLA M. THOMPSON.

New York 11, N. Y.

Merriman Not Merriam

SIR: The name of the distinguished author of "The Rise of the Spanish Empire" (4 vols., N. Y. Macmillan, 1918-1934) is, of course, not Merriam, as the printer twice made it in my review in the December 23 number, but Roger Bigelow Merriman.

In printing this apology will you allow me to assure all the anguished readers who will have written in in protest that the undersigned joins them in believing that there is no more excuse for misspelling Professor Merriman's name than there is for misspelling William Hickling Prescott or John Lothrop Motley.

GARRETT MATTINGLY.

New York 24, N. Y.

The Beard "Basic History"

SIR: Now, now, gentlemen, let's not get rude about this business of the Beards and history. All of you are, one way or another, in the book business for profit and the Beards write history that seems to run into very nice profits indeed. They have been the most able spokesmen for post-war America, soothing the nation's bad conscience with scholarly and passionate self-justification; not, of course, without the bias that lies in passion, as Polybius protested, but certainly with effectiveness. It's an old business with historians, this justifying a nation's conduct to itself, but it's still a good one, as good in America as it ever was in Germany, Italy, or Japan.

As for isolationism, one doesn't have to be a historian to know that physically it hasn't been working very well in the past; not tower, wall, moat, or sea has served to keep rude foreigners from storming in. But there is an isolationism that seems to work better—intellectual isolationism. Which reminds me of the two angry fathers who went to a school out in Western Nebraska to protest because their children were taught that the world is round. So the teacher tried the stock demonstration with ball, candle, and tack on the two fathers. But the results were not the same.

"What you are proving," gravely said the graduate from a fundamentalist college, "is not that God didn't gather the waters into one place and let the dry land appear upon it, but that error still flourishes among us."

The other man scratched his illiterate head a while. Suddenly he began to laugh. "By God, the schoolma'am's right, as any fool can see from the top of a hill. The world is round, round as a goddamn pie pan!"

MARI SANDOZ.

New York, N. Y.

MacLeish the Poet

SIR: Anent your recent editorial concerning the American poet, Archibald MacLeish, and other poets, and the attitude toward them taken by the semi-illiterate, you may have missed the following poem which appeared in *The New Yorker*—of what date may be ascertained by calling up their editorial office. You should get their permission to quote it here. It was written by Archibald MacLeish, now an Assistant Secretary of State. Incidentally, in regard to poets being men of more mundane mark, it may be pointed out that in the seventeenth century the Marquis of Montrose was not only a distinguished poet but also Captain-General and Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland. Here's the poem:

A POET SPEAKS FROM THE VISITORS' GALLERY

Have Gentlemen perhaps forgotten this?—
We write the histories.

Do Gentlemen who snigger at the poets,
Who speak the word professor with guffaws—
Do Gentlemen expect their fame to flourish
When we, not they, distribute the applause?

Or do they trust their hope of long remembrance
To those they name with such respectful care—
To those who write the tittle in the papers,
To those who tell the tattle on the air?

Do Gentlemen expect the generation
That counts the losers out when tolls the bell
To take some gossip-caster's estimation,
Some junior voice of fame with fish to sell?

Do Gentlemen believe time's hard-boiled jury,
Judging the sober truth, will trust again
The words some copperhead who owned a paper
Ordered one Friday from the hired men?

Have Gentlemen forgotten Mr. Lincoln?

A poet wrote that story, not a newspaper,
Not the New Yorker of the nameless name
Who spat with hatred like some others later
And left, as they will, in his hate his shame.

History's not written in the kind of ink
The richest man of most ambitious mind
Who hates a president enough to print
A daily paper can afford or find.

Gentlemen have power now and know it,
But even the greatest and most famous kings
Feared and with reason to offend the poets
Whose songs are marble
and whose marble sings.

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That, in my opinion, is a braw poem and a mighty! More power to the hand that penned it!

LANG WILLIE OF GLENLIVET.

The Hutch, Riblin-on-the-Ouse,
Pseudonymia, U. S. A.

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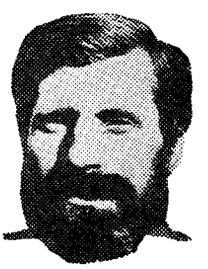

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SO SORRY, NO PEACE

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TRADE Winds

UNDISMAYED by anything critics said of his first novel, "Hidden Faces," Salvador Dali is pounding away at another one, although even he will have to go some to surpass the paragraph in his last epic that told how the fair heroine Solange reminded the hero of a slice of cream cheese. "The slightly salt and tart taste," explained Mr. Dali, "evoking the animal femininity of the she-goat, went straight to his heart. With a faint but delightful anguish he continued to cut into the immaculate turgescence of his Homeric dish and as he finished his cheese he decided that the fanilial undulations of his silverware harmonized so well with Solange's mat and oxidized pallor that the thought of marrying her sprang into his mind for the first time." . . . In addition to writing a new novel, Mr. Dali is experimenting with a set of drawings for an Illustrated Modern Library edition of "Don Quixote." Dali's Don will be worth flowing quietly to see. . . . Stop-press news from Prentice-Hall: Antoine, the famous hair-dresser, will call his life story "Antoine by Antoine," having discarded "The Drape of the Lock." "There are many reminiscences," says the publicity note, "of visits to his salon of such celebrities as Queen Marie of Rumania, Elsa Maxwell, and the Duchess of Windsor. Among the illustrations will be several showing Antoine's much-talked-of glass house in Paris and one of the coffin-shaped glass bed with the maestro of hair-sculpture at rest in it." . . . Of course, you can also go to a good movie. . . .

FARRAR AND RINEHART have lured John Selby from the AP and installed him as Associate Editor. Nick Wreden is now Vice-president of Dutton, and is in charge of the Editorial Department. . . . Doubleday will publish Carlos Romulo's new book, "My Brother Americans," on March 22. . . . Phil Stern tells me that Armed Services Editions have passed up a new Lippincott publication as just a trifle too special for their purposes. The title: "A Study of Endometriosis, Endosalpingiosis, Endocervicosis, and Peritoneo-Ovarian Sclerosis," by James R. Goodall. . . . A vice-president of the Chase National Bank swears to the authenticity of this incident. He gave a brand new secretary a one-hundred-dollar bill and asked her to go outside and get it changed. She didn't come back for a full hour, and then she still clutched the bill in her hand. "I've been to every store on the block," she reported. "Nobody would change it for me!" . . . An old Boni and Liveright minion, who later made a big name for himself at CBS, was sent to France to prepare radio propaganda beamed to Nazi Germany. When he gave the technicians his first script, he added, "Be sure to mention the name of this station." . . . "The Best Sermons of 1943-44," edited by G. Paul Butler, is a rewarding survey of contemporary religious thinking by all denominations. It has added significance at a time when united action by all faiths is so imperative. . . . Kees Van Hock has written the first complete biography of Pope Pius XII, the reigning Pontiff. It will be a Philosophical Library book. . . .

"Couldn't you wait until after the war before asking your mother for a visit—you know how the government feels about travel!"

CAROLYN COGGINS is writing a sprightly literary gossip column every week for the *Atlanta Constitution.* Several scouts have reported favorably, and she will probably be drafted soon by a major league club. She is currently batting .360 and has such a good arm they're going to let her throw out the first author at the next *Tribune* luncheon. . . . The publication of Osa Johnson's "Bride in the Solomons" (Houghton Mifflin) reminds Bob Linscott that when her first book, "Cannibal Land," appeared, one trade magazine requested a special review copy on the ground that its subject would be of particular interest to its readers. The name of the magazine was *The Butchers' Advocate.* . . . John Meeker's little boy broke a record of some years' standing when he ended a sentence with five prepositions. John had been in a mood to read the youngster a few chapters from Bulfinch's "Mythology." The youngster had not been in a mood to listen. Result: banishment to bedroom without supper. Later John relented to the extent of a glass of milk and some cookies, but on the tray, firm disciplinarian that he fancied himself, he also placed the copy of Bulfinch. Meeker, Jr., yelled furiously, "Why are you bringing me that book I didn't want to be read to out of up for?" . . . The dusky Rochester (real name: Eddie Anderson) often gets the biggest laughs in Jack Benny's radio programs and pictures. In Harlem his name is featured above Benny's. "I never minded his stealing my pictures," says Benny, "until I heard that my next one might be 'The Life of Booker T. Washington.'" . . .

SHOLEM ASCH, author of "The Nazarene" and "The Apostle," is now at work on a novel of contemporary New York for Putnam's. The same publishers have commissioned Frank Graham to write a life of the late Al Smith. . . . David Stern reports that a woman entered a Philadelphia bookshop and asked for a reprint edition of "The Story of Dr. Wassell." She offered a quarter in payment. Informed that the price was one dollar,

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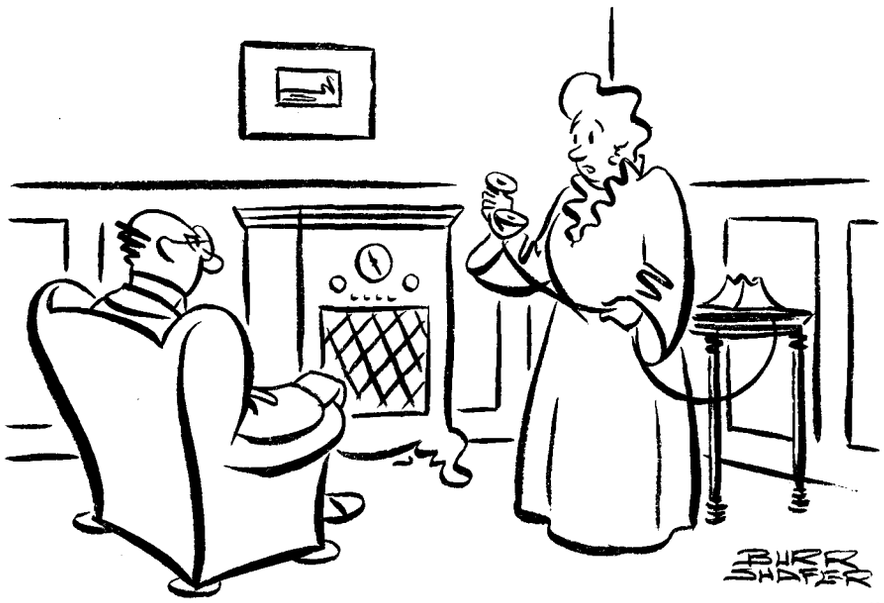


"It's Dunninger . . . he doesn't like what you're thinking about his program."

she said, "Hm-m-m! Dis doctor iss a *specialist?*" . . .When Clinton Balmer was in Lynchburg, he wanted to send a hospitalized and cantankerous native of eighty a book to read. When the local bookseller heard for whom the book was intended, he snorted and suggested, "Sinners Never Die." . . . MGM officials cast an incredulous eye over the profits on "See Here, Private Hargrove" and forthwith commissioned a sequel. It will be called "What Next, Corporal Hargrove," but for reasons not stated, Mr. H. himself will have no part in the scripting. That task has been assigned to Harry Kurnitz, who wrote several of the "Thin Man" scenarios that followed the memorable Hammett original. He also writes occasional mystery stories for Dodd, Mead under the pen-name of Marco Page. . . . A Reynal and Hitchcock executive has added his bit to the endless wise-cracking over Miss Winsor's bonanza. "What a girl!" he marveled. "She's built a single word of Lillian Smith's into a 900-page best-seller!". . .

IF EDMUND WILSON gets the green light from the State Department, he will soon leave for a long European trek. Many *New Yorker* readers, who found his book reviews far too esoteric and patronizing for their tastes, will regard this as the neatest trek of the year. The authors they admire and the authors Mr. Wilson admires seldom recognize one another when they pass on the street. Hamilton Basso is in line for Wilson's old post. . . . Jack Kirkland, who made a fortune for everybody concerned with his dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road," is one of the people who believe lightning can strike twice in the same place: he is making a play of Caldwell's "Georgia Boy.". . . Jo-Carroll Dennison, now headed for Hollywood stardom, was "Miss America of 1942." The first time she appeared at a studio she was lined up with a dozen other girls in bathing suits for a forthcoming musical. The director would have none of her. "You may do in the dinner-party sequence," he told her, "but you're definitely not the bathing-suit type!". . . A Chinese restaurant in Boston has been named after Carl Glick's "Shake Hands with the Dragon." Dorothy Hillyer ate fourteen Chinese dishes there the opening night, and then sent out for some Chinese bicarbonate of soda. . . .

EDWIN HOPKINS, of 255 West 43rd Street, New York, has sent me his new publication, "The Nightingale of Broadway," by Stanley Tocci. I opened at random to page 214, and now wild horses couldn't drag my copy away from me. It was the climax of a wonderful love scene between Cynthia and Robin. Cynthia had given him "a quick moist impulsive kiss on her own initiative, which made a fever of possession race through his veins. 'You must be mine, all mine,' he appealed to her with his heart suffocating and racing . . . 'I am yours forevermore,' she replied. 'Then let us go in the library and sit on the couch. You'll get all tired out standing here on the stairs,' said he." Cynthia, it developed at this point, was no babe in the woods. "Robin," she countered, "I am a decent girl and honor is dearer to me than life itself. I could die in your arms from love but not on a couch. Forgive me if I do you an injustice, but I am very suspicious of couches from the bad reputation of the couch in Ready's office.". . . I was interrupted at this point; I hope Cynthia can hold out until I get home this evening.

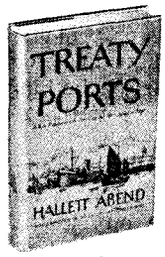
BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

ALONG in Spring it will be balmy and, Lee Barker, above, assures us, you will be reading GERTRUDE LAWRENCE'S autobiography, A STAR DANCED, which title was changed at her behest from THAT REMINDS ME. It seems she has a fond childhood memory of a day on the beach at Brighton when she put a penny in the fortune-telling machine and got a little card which said: "A star danced and under it you were born." And that reminds me of the sign on the astrology tent of a local circus I once passed. The sign was thirty feet long and it read, "What Star Was You Born Under?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IN HALLETT ABEND'S TREATY PORTS I came across an answer to the boys who still think quaint little China doesn't change. Today, with hundreds of thousands of coolies building airfields for American bombers, with American trucks winding their way through shimmering Chinese sunsets, it is startling to recall the Macao incident. "In the middle of the isthmus (at Macao) the Chinese for centuries maintained a high barrier wall built of brick and stone and extending into the sea at either end. The wall has always been guarded and patrolled day and night by Chinese soldiers in order to prevent foreigners from penetrating beyond the area rented to the Portuguese. So strict was the ban against foreigners only a little more than a century ago that when a Chinese named Paoupang was found guilty of aiding them in interior exploration he was condemned to the death of one thousand cuts, his whole family was beheaded, his native village was destroyed by fire, and the whole countryside for a radius of twenty miles was laid waste."



paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

VOX POPULI

ALL of New York's actors are not members of Equity. Take the Mayor, for example. Some people may find him hard to take. Indeed, every gangster, grafter, tinhorn, and tout in the town has found the task impossible. But let's forget politics for the moment. That's one way of saying, let's forget partisan politics. The two have a way of keeping company. They are apt to be Laocoöned. Yes, and also forgetting the chiselers upon whom the Mayor wages open warfare, let's consider the Little Flower merely as, each Sunday between one and one-thirty New York time, he blossoms on Station WNYC.

This means, of course, considering him as an actor. Because the act he puts on there is one of the highlights of Manhattan's radio. No broadcasting studio in New York houses a more tempestuous or amusing performer than does City Hall when in his office the Mayor is going to town over the ether.

Recently I have attended two of His Honor's broadcasts. The first was a Christmas program. Being such, it was scarcely typical. This seasonal side of the Mayor, one gathered—and he had hinted—came like Christmas itself but once a year. Spiritually, the Mayor was hidden under holly wreaths that day. He was more Tiny Tim than Little Flower. The program was musical, carol-studded and choral. The Mayor, between music cues, confined himself to reading the Nativity story. From which Gospel I was never quite certain. He did read it, however, as zealously as if Bethlehem were a new borough. At one point such was the fervor with which he attacked the mike that, watching him, I was for a moment or two afraid he might have mistaken one of the Kings for an artichoke king and the inhospitable owners of the inn for local landlords.

The second LaGuardia broadcast I attended was more secular. It was the Mayor's performance on New Year's Eve. Although fully aware of the day's wartime significance and eloquent on the subject, the Mayor had burned his Christmas trees by then. At this session he was giving one of his weekly "Talks to the People"; those talks which he has been conducting every Sunday since, on a certain dark and distant December 7, we were appalled as a nation by news of a harbor-full of *"Maines."* Instead of playing the Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, the Mayor was now once again providing the fire at one of his own chats. The Health Department, Rent Ceilings, the City's Meat Supply, Horse Racing, and the local newspapers, especially the august *New York Times,* were the lessons from which he then read.

Each of these supplied him with what theatrically is known as a "scene," no less than a theme. Let it be quickly stated that entertaining as the Mayor is when, on the air, he is heard and not seen, he is far more delightful when he is seen as well as heard. He at least is a radio performer who suffers because television has been slow in coming.

Not to see him is to miss a good part of the show. His is an extraordinary face. It is the perfect "actor's mask," flashing and sudden around the eyes, full of massive jawbone, and yet made of rubber so far as its emotional pliability is concerned. The mouth in particular is an instrument. It can protrude to Ubangi proportions at one moment, spread in an accordion's fashion at the next, then retrieve itself like a trombone, and close on a threat more ominously than a portcullis.

The Mayor's face is as much a seismograph as it is a countenance. It registers the incessant earthquake that is the spirit behind it. Whatever the opposite of a poker face is, that is the Little Flower's. Emotions assail it as swiftly as the sirens of police cars or fire engines, running up and down the city streets, assail the ears of New York's citizens. No old and dubious book on acting, in which the pictures showed the proper expressions for Hate, Love, Tenderness, Anger, and Despair, was ever as profusely illustrated as is the Mayor's own mask. No hurdy-gurdy can play as many tunes as his face can, or change them as rapidly.

When the Mayor is sitting down, his head looms above his desk, heroic in its mold. It is only when he stands up that you realize how short is the stem supporting a double chrysanthemum.

Visually, the Mayor is a performer of the race of Salvini and Grasso. One would add Caruso, too, if it were not for the Mayor's voice. The tunes he releases may fill the metropolitan area, but they would scarcely grace the Metropolitan. Even when his face is set for Jovian thunder, his vocal cords can produce high harmonies of

—*SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

Hizzoner

which a boatswain's mate, standing by the gangplank, would be proud.

His voice is full of surprises. It is full of surprises because, bantam though he is, every half-inch of the Mayor is baritone in spirit. Emerging from such a head, the voice can startle the ears as much as the eyes would be surprised to see a soapbubble leave a howitzer. Usually his speech has more of the fife to it than the kettledrum. Even when it is supposedly all kettledrum, a fife keeps threatening to interrupt, although it may not actually play an obbligato.

THE truth is that, at his desk, His Honor is visually a King of the Forest fit to terrify Frank Buck. But vocally his lion can on occasion be no more ferocious than if it belonged to Snug the Joiner. No doubt the gentleness of his roar is, as Theseus would observe, only a proof of his "good conscience."

That his voice has so little relation to either the Toga or the Forum may explain why it is doubly effective by the fireside on the radio. The Mayor converses directly with his constituents. He does not talk over their heads, but above the heads of his departments.

He thinks fast, is a dynamo wired for sound, and is a master of pungent colloquialisms. His language might leave the Lord Mayor guessing, but it strikes home to every housewife in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and every richman, poorman, beggarman, thief who may be listening in Richmond, Queens, and Manhattan. If the City has a voice, it is the Mayor who supplies it when seated before the mike. Not since Al Smith's heyday have the sidewalks been so articulate.

He has a genius for public intimacy, for treating the many as the one, and

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that one either as an old friend or an old enemy. When the boroughs rather than the Gospels are his text, the Mayor has before him only a few notes. He then speaks extemporaneously, and is a brilliant ad-libber. He attacks his job with the frenzy of a Saint George, and the tenderness of a Joppolo. Although he may only rival Saint George, he outdoes Joppolo, if for no other reason than that he is his own bell.

Plainly the microphone is to him more than an inanimate object. He eyes its cobra head with the intentness of a snake charmer. To him it is "You, the People," incarnate; an unseen audience that he has no trouble in seeing. He handles the mechanism as familiarly as if it were a telephone. Like many another phone-user he smiles heartily, and scowls fiercely under the manifest impression that he can be seen no less than heard. He cajoles the instrument, grins at it, bullies it, confides in it, insults it. At one moment he addresses it as if he were about to propose to it; at the next, as if he were about to sell it real estate. Then, just as abruptly, he is giving malefactors the bum's rush, urging them to scram in no uncertain terms. Or he is releasing a gag, sudden and salty, and as side-tickling to its hearers as it is to him.

He runs the emotional gamut, not from A to Z, but from A-plus to minus-A. The Mayor, you see, is not one radio program; he is an anthology of program. He is, in his gnomish person, Fred Allen and Orson Welles, the Voice of Experience and H. V. Kaltenborn, Superman and Uncle Don, Oscar Levant and Martha Deane.

It is a pity that those who merely hear the Mayor cannot watch him as he warms up to his act. The lucky ones are either the singers who are to provide the incidental music, or the few people admitted to the Mayor's office to form the "audience." He does not look at them directly. He is too good an actor to peer over the footlights. But he seems prepared for them, even if he pretends (as is necessary in all good make-believe) to be unaware of them. If they give him an immediate response, these stray samples of his listeners, he gives them a performance they are not soon apt to forget.

When they enter at a few minutes before one o'clock, the Mayor is "discovered" seated behind his desk. The room which serves him as his office is a corner room on the ground floor of the building's Broadway side. It is white and spacious, with delicate mouldings, and is centered around a lovely crystal chandelier. It is the kind of room in which one would not be surprised to find Alexander Hamilton or Washington Irving making an official call. Its high windows, behind

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

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the Mayor's desk, open on City Hall Park. The walls are hung with portraits surveying the scene with some bewilderment. At least two of the sitters—President Monroe, and Mayor Philip Hone, the elegant diarist—appear to be looking away rather impolitely from what is going on beneath them.

The whole feeling of the room is that known backstage on any opening night when the curtain is just about to go up. Or in any radio studio when the suspensive moment has come for a program to go on the air. Behind the Mayor are some secretaries, prepared to serve as reflexes to his every whim. Their attitudes indicate that his whims can be instantaneous. Until the last minute technicians wander about, adjusting their machines.

IF the Mayor were a man limited to doing only one thing at a time, you might think he was taking desperate final glances at his notes. But the Mayor is a multiple performer. When first you look at him, he may be as relaxed as the C. & O. kitty. At the next glance, however, he is certain to be Etna in action. What signals his swiftly changing moods is the use he makes of his horn-rimmed spectacles. They live dangerously, these spectacles. Their powers of endurance must be considerable. The Mayor whips them out of his pocket as swiftly as his best detectives draw a gat. Before the eye can follow them, they are thrown on his desk, dropped on his nose, or sent skylarking over the tumult of his black hair.

Plainly the Mayor is a musical man. Palpably his is the temperament of an artist. So much so, that on the day of the Christmas broadcast, when Lauritz Melchior, who was to sing two songs like an angel, was sitting beside the Mayor waiting to go on, it was Melchior whose appearance was as placid as a court-room attendant, and the Mayor who looked like Edward Johnson's delegate. Between eruptions and siestas, music often takes possession of the Mayor's spirit; inundating it rapturously, though tidally. When the Queens College Chamber Ensemble and the Collegiate Chorale were warming up for the Christmas program, the Mayor, who has his Toscanini-Goldman moments, could not resist the sirens' calls—in this case of music. Hurling his Gospel stories to the desk, his fingers wrapped themselves around an imaginary baton, and with his head and shoulders waving in time, his hands semaphored his surrender to the sweet harmonies.

The Mayor's inspiration for things political is musical. Beside his desk is a radio to which he can listen if the orchestra rests. Before discussing municipal affairs on his New Year program, His Honor turned this on to drink in the sounds, although not the symbolism, of Gounod's "Ring Out Wild Bells." His calm endured only a second. In no time his own program was being announced, and the "Marine Hymn," which is its theme song, was being played. At the first mention of his name the Mayor sprang into action with the violence of a pigeon that has heard a gun. As his massive head reared up, his determined hands rushed down his coat and vest, raiding every buttonhole as if it were a bookmaker, and stripping his shirt for action.

This is a new kind of government, this government by microphone. With a flip of the dial it turns a metropolis into a small town. It is the real "Town Meeting of the Air." Or rather would be if on it the townspeople, no less than the Chief Magistrate, were vocal. Certainly it is one of the most amusing soliloquies the drama knows.

At one moment the Mayor may be smiling that irresistible smile of his, and confiding, "Now you better go see your dentist and have your teeth fixed, because the meat is going to be tough this winter." At the next, he may be discussing rent ceilings or death in childbirth. Or snarling such withering ultimatums at gangsters that one almost trembles for them. In his case one forgets official dignity and remembers only personal sincerity. He really cares, and cares with all the outspoken fearlessness of his nature. His chief gift as an actor is the rare one of acting while remaining natural.

He carries the technique of the fireside chat to new lengths. On his tonsils a fireside chat becomes the most intimate and varied conversation ever conducted over a party line. Both as a character and a performer the man who delivers these "Talks To the People" is colorful beyond the spectrum's range. Being the Mayor, he can be the despair of radio, if for no other reason than that the respect he has for time is as scant as the respect he shows for chiselers. He can, and does, run over. On his New Year broadcast he ran over seventeen minutes. In a medium which is always punctual, regardless of what else it may be, this is a cardinal sin. But after all not many radio performers are mayors, at least of New York.

"Patience and fortitude," says His Honor when signing off. These are words which have become his trademark as surely as Father Divine has staked his claim on "Peace, Brother." One may question the Little Flower's patience. Several people have. But no one can doubt his fortitude.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH

The following synthetic soliloquy was compiled by Arthur M. Sampley, library of North Texas State Teachers College. Each quotation ascribed to the proper source counts five points. Probable scores should range as follows: John Kieran, 90-100; teachers of Shakespeare, 80-90; general readers, 50-80. You'll find the answers on page 27.

To be or not to be.[1] My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.[2]
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.[3]
Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry[4]
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust[5]
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh;[6] here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.[7]
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd.[8] If I must die
Let me encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in my arms.[9] Out, out, brief candle![10]
Put out the light, and then put out the light.[11]
The valiant never taste of death but once[12]
And by the doom of death end woes and all.[13]
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry;[14] live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.[15]
The time of life is short;[16] men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
Ripeness is all.[17] Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.[18] We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[19] The rest is silence.[20]

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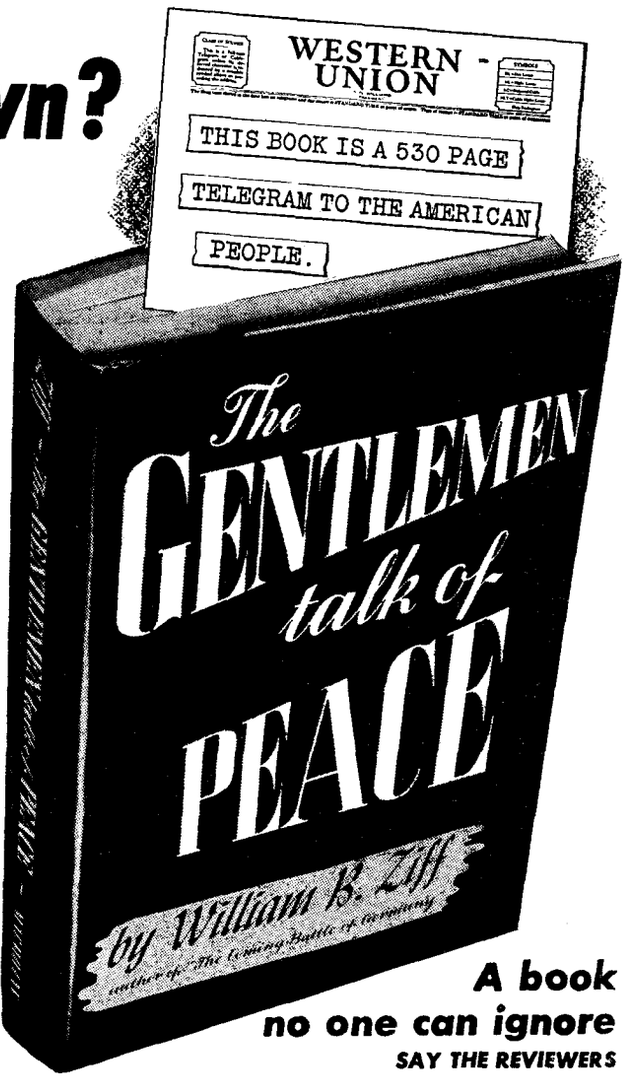
Can you spare 10 hours to save 30 million lives

including your own?



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William B. Ziff

William Bernard Ziff is a distinguished military historian and authority on international affairs, whose views are highly regarded in official Washington. He is the author of THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY, *an outstanding best seller of 1942.*

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Impassioned Victorian Poet

FRANCIS THOMPSON: IN HIS PATHS. By Terence L. Connolly. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. 203 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IN the House of Commons, during the fateful autumn of 1938, a speaker quoted a Victorian ode to cheer on the England that during "the iniquitous hour . . . in the first does always see the last." The ode was Francis Thompson's "From the Night of Forebeing." Half a century or so earlier, on the Embankment across the river from Parliament, the ragged hungry waif that was Thompson had spent his tormented nights on the benches where the human derelicts of London foregathered. Since his death in 1907, the popularity of his splendid, impassioned poetry has mounted, both in England and the United States. Boston College, where the author of this volume is Chairman of the English Department, owns one of the world's two great collections of Thompsoniana.

"Francis Thompson: In His Paths" is well characterized in a preface as "a trilogy, all in one, of travelogue, biography and deep literary appreciation." In 1937, Father Connolly, America's foremost authority on Francis Thompson, set out to visit the persons and places associated with the English poet. It was an accurately timed pilgrimage. England was still on a peacetime footing, so that it was easy for the author to talk with Thompson's associates in surroundings and atmosphere approximating those of the poet's lifetime. Time and the infirmities of age were taking their toll of the poet's venerable contemporaries. The greatest of these, Wilfred Meynell, was then eight-six. Aged Sir John Lavery, who at Father Connolly's request painted Mr. Meynell's portrait, died soon after the picture was completed.

Next to Francis Thompson, it is Wilfred Meynell who dominates these colorful and warmly written pages. It was through Mr. Meynell's generosity, patience, and literary discernment that Thompson's poetry reached the world and Thompson the man came into his own. Too, it is through Mr. Meynell's eyes that the reader sees anew the English literary revival that centered first about Newman, Patmore, and Alice Meynell.

The author makes interesting reference to Thompson's brilliant contemporary and fellow Catholic, Gerard Manley Hopkins. He has found no mention of the Jesuit poet in Thompson's letters or notebooks and no allusion to Thompson or his poetry in the writings of Hopkins. This is one of the strangest of Victorian literary mysteries, especially tantalizing to those who are devotees of both poets.

In taking his readers along the paths that Thompson trod, Father Connolly shows them a richly varied landscape that serves as panoramic setting for the individual poems of the "poor thief of song." The steep, white path called Jacob's Ladder, for instance, is background for the lines beloved of Thompsonians:

> The hills look over on the South
> And southward dreams the sea.

A tour of Storrington Abbey gradually calls up the stanzas of "The Ode to the Setting Sun." This method not only Thompsonizes the setting and lends fresh significance to each poem but gives scope for the welcome quotation of considerable unpublished poetry and prose.

"Francis Thompson: In His Paths" is a book written out of the heart. It will delight the ever-increasing Thompson following. It should prove an excellent sampler for those who know the poet only through "The Hound of Heaven."

The Quality of Believable Magic

THE WIND ON THE MOON. By Eric Linklater. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 323 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

ERIC LINKLATER'S delightful fantasy belongs in that section of the bookshelf alongside "Alice in Wonderland," "The Jungle Books," "The Wind in the Willows," and "The Rose and the Ring." Because it has that same quality of believable magic, it makes one think of all these books. The playful satire will of course escape the children, but they will enjoy the story without missing those overtones their mothers and fathers will appreciate. And the mothers and fathers, through the charm of Mr. Linklater's writing, will find themselves somehow transported to that state of mind which accepts and believes the obviously impossible. I am sure that I will not be speaking for myself alone when I say that I became as deeply engrossed and completely credulous in following the adventures of Dinah and Dorinda Palfrey, of Middlemecum, and their friends the Golden Puma and the Greenland Falcon, as I was when I first fell under the spell of Mowgli and his animal companions. The Golden Puma and the Greenland Falcon speak the same slightly exalted and sonorous language which Baloo and Bagheera did, and children take pleasure in the lovely, rhythmic dignity of that speech with a part of their minds which feels even if it does not always comprehend. It is like poetry in the heightened quality of its imagination and imagery.

Perhaps the most subtly ingenious and satisfying thing about the book is that it is really wish fulfilment, and when a fantasy for children is well enough written, as this is, it makes those wishes valid again in adult memory. Dinah and Dorinda do the things that children want to do. By employing certain spells and charms given to them by Mrs. Grimble, a talented witch who lives in Weal Forest and is invisible to everyone but Dinah and Dorinda, they turn themselves into kangaroos and scare the wits out of a lot of grown-ups and children who have annoyed them. "It will be lovely to have our revenge," says Dorinda, and revenge in one form or another plays quite an important part in most children's dreams. Without being in the least sinister or pathological, children frequently want to be revenged on adults and circumstances. It is a perfectly natural and healthy state of mind. Dinah and Dorinda also fulfil another wish of childhood—they are able to achieve superiority in a grown-up world by rescuing parents and friends from dreadful and dramatic predicaments. Dinah and Dorinda rescue the Golden Puma and the Greenland Falcon from Sir Lankester's zoo; they rescue their friend the dancing master, Mr. Corvo, from prison, but their greatest triumph is when they rescue their father, Major Palfrey, from a dungeon in the Castle of Gleidermannheim, where he is held captive by the wicked tyrant of Bombardy. Count Hulagu.

When the moon is pale, with a white collar of mist around it, the saying goes that there is wind on the moon, and if by chance it is an evil wind, all children who behave badly will continue to do so for a long time. At one such time, when the story begins, Dinah and Dorinda were, it is not strange to say, behaving badly. But by their extraordinary feats they cancelled out the naughtiness, and even their Mama didn't scold them for not asking her permission when they set out for Bombardy.

This is a wholly charming book, and one which you'll want to give to all your favorite friends of the pigtail set. But don't forget to keep a copy yourself.

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Saga of a Gallant Ship

WHERE AWAY. A Modern Odyssey. By George Sessions Perry and Isabel Leighton. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 231 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LIEUT. COMM. GRIFFITH BAILY COALE, USNR.

HERE is a proud story of a ship, of her Captain, officers, and men that served in her, fought her, and loved her, and brought her mangled body staggering half way round the world, home, that she might live and fight again. The now old *Marblehead* is small, like the tight little town; and like that old American port, proud of her seagoing past, and descended from good seafaring ancestry. The first *Marblehead,* a 507-ton steam sloop, had a short and belligerent Civil War career; and *Marblehead* the second, also Massachusetts built, 2,089 tons, served well in the Spanish War. Commissioned early in 1924, this present 7,500-ton *Marblehead,* fast scout cruiser, was to trail her white and dancing wakes, slipping astern the thin and speeding sides, over thousands of miles of Eastern Seas, until before December 7 she became known as the Galloping Ghost of the China Coast.

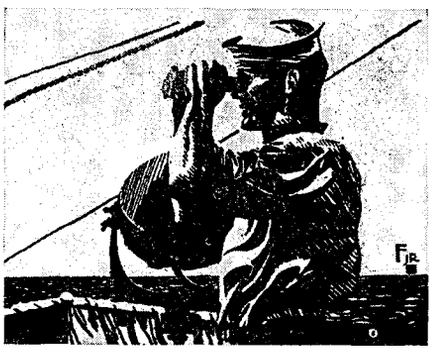
From the beginning we get to know her men, who had "a part of themselves each day built into her," simply and well, and they are American Navy. Tough and sentimental, hard-boiled, and shyly tender, as only a strong man can be with a wounded or dying shipmate. We get to know the respect and admiration an enlisted man has for a good officer, arrived at only after suspicion and keen observation. We know the power and prestige of C.P.O.'s, those stout beings endowed with all knowledge of ships and men and the sea—omnipotent to those under them, invaluable to those commanding them. For the Captain—now Admiral Arthur G. Robinson—we see the deep devotion and complete trust that leads men to fight a ship gallantly, as long as she floats.

Here then is the *USS Marblehead* on December 6, 1941, at Tarakan. For Admiral Hart, as Commander of the Asiatic Fleet, had already eased his ships out to sea for strategic dispersal, rather than be caught in Manila, should there be a Jap sneak air attack. Captain's Inspection and Captain's Mast, and through the steaming day the usual routine of shipboard keep us interested and amused, with good robust sailor humor, as the suspense grows intense. Thousands of days at sea, Shanghai, Kobe, Rangoon, and Manila, yet black-out still is far from routine; the ship not completely stripped, the Captain yet to part with his beloved gig.

Humid Sunday, December 7, men sleepy with chicken dinner. Suddenly at 3.15, General Quarters alarm—rasping loud speaker: "Man your Battle Stations." The men man their stations smartly. Again the voice: "The Japanese have commenced hostilities. Act accordingly." Then came further information, that the ship would get under weigh at dawn.

"Scuttle Butt" from stem to stern, news coming in, as the sharp blade of the *Marblehead's* stem sliced the warm swells of the now hostile Celebes Sea. The Jap Navy had taken a tremendous sock at our Navy when we weren't looking. How great was the damage? The *President Harrison* has been sunk. Wake has fallen.

At Balikpapan on December 10, the ship went to Air Defense, and soon after on the public address system the



—From the book

men heard: "I have grave news for you. The British battleships *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* now lie at the bottom of the China Sea—Japanese aircraft—Philippines under severe attack—Japanese aircraft." Then further and fuller details on Pearl Harbor, that stunned the men. Later, Radio San Francisco reported the U.S. Light Cruiser *Marblehead* sunk. This shocked them for their families' sake.

On December 14 the *Marblehead* was joined by the *Houston* and the *Boise,* the latter having rushed out to raise the United States Cruiser Force of the Asiatic Fleet from two to three ships. And so the harrowing tale moves on, incorporating us deeply into the ship, and her company. Sometimes she is alone with a few old four pipers on a hazardous mission, like a thin greyhound before a big pack of heavy volwves. Surabaja, Koepane, back to Soembawa, where men dead drunk and overdue on liberty, were forgiven as a Christmas present to them. Darwin, that had one saving grace—"Not a goddam palm tree in sight." We of the Navy have often felt this! Perhaps there is too much hauling of the reader into the lives of the ship's company. I felt the same in Forrester's "The Ship." But when the *Marblehead* takes over the *Boise's* mission after her untimely contact with an uncharted coral reef, and later when all hell breaks loose from the Japanese controlled heavens, we are glad to know these guys. Floherty's drawings of them are alive and excellent, and a great asset to the writing.

Of those agonizing minutes when the ship swings and dodges her thin palpitating body from the relentless steel rain of death, I shall leave you to suffer and hope with the calm Captain, as your knuckles turn white gripping the bridge rail.

Then the bombs screamed down, the ship was engulfed in a blinding flash, and disappeared behind a wall of fire and water. The *Houston's* Quartermaster shook his head and said: "There goes the *Marblehead.*" A few days later the *Houston* was sunk; but the *Marblehead,* almost mortally wounded, with no helm, her fo'castle awash, put out her fires and, with her men frantically bailing the ship with buckets, made Tjilatjap finally by a nightmare passage through Lombok Straight. She buried her dead, hospitalized her burned and injured men, tore into her own jagged wounds to find and patch up vital parts, and in the end sneaked home without listening tubes, through submarine infested waters. This is the real saga, the modern Odyssey. You'll feel unashamed of hot tears on your cheeks, as her Captain did when they buried "Bull" Aschenbrenner, who died of gas suffocation trying to rescue a shipmate from the stinking filth of her putrid bowels. There'll be a lump in your throat when Admiral Hart arrives in Surabaja by air, inspects the dry-docked *Marblehead* thoroughly, and says with moving sincerity these few words to the rows of tired men lined upon deck: "I am proud to be in the same Navy with you."

As a sailor, writer, and artist, I give the "well done" to this book, for as the New England whalers used to say, "It'll touch you where you live."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Hamlet, III, i. 2. Macbeth, V, iii. 3. Hamlet, I, ii. 4 Sonnet LXVI. 5. King John, III, iv. 6. Romeo and Juliet, V, iii. 7. Othello, V, ii. 8. Antony and Cleopatra, V, ii. 9. Measure for Measure, III, i. 10. Macbeth, V, v. 11. Othello, V, ii. 12. Julius Caesar, II, ii. 13. The Comedy of Errors, I i. 14. Romeo and Juliet, V, iii. 15. Julius Caesar, III, i. 16. 1 Henry IV, V, ii. 17. King Lear, V, ii. 18. Measure for Measure, III, i. 19. The Tempest, IV, i. 20. Hamlet, V, ii.

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A Novel of Syrians in Brazil

THE BONFIRE. By Cecilio J. Carneiro. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 334 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS is a blizzard of a book from Brazil—that is, if a blizzard could have the lethal heat of sirocco and the nerve-exhausting violence of the "fone" which mutilates the invalid and the elderly on the Cote d'Azur. "The Bonfire" must not be taken as a Brazilian novel: at least I suppose not, for, though Senhor Carneiro was born in Paracctu in the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais, his father had, eleven years earlier, migrated to America from his native Syria. Most of the characters, all the most violent and vivid in the novel, are Syrians: and for the hero Elias Alexander Arbe, later surnamed Guerra, Brazil is opportunity, fortune, challenge rather than "homeland." It is true Senhor Carneiro credits Elias with an admiration for prominent Brazilians, even with an interest in politics; but this is perfunctory compared to his passionate determination to make a fortune and his passion, not quite so conscious, to live and make his family live the patriarchal life of his deserted Syria.

The central storm in the story is Elias himself. He is a man who, essentially kind and inordinately honest, has no control at all over his emotions and his expression. He is a terrifying, exacerbating character; he is naively perplexed at the consequences of his enormous fits of rage, his spate of abusive, exaggerated language. Devoted to his patient, worshipping little wife, Julia, who bears him eight children, all but one daughters, he speaks to her in terms which most men would hesitate to apply to an obedient dog.

His excessive language is matched by surprising physical signs: "his eyes flashed fire"; "his eyes leaped like squirrels in a burning thicket"; "his eyes flashed like knives." Elias has strange fevers, and stranger fits of silence when things go wrong with him, and a trivial incident may rouse as wild passions as a serious disaster.

Yet the man is not ridiculous, not a mere puppet from a melodramatic Guignol. He is presented with such furious, Balzacian gusto; and presented against such a richly packed background of people and events that his vituperative violence catches a little of the superb quality that is the mark of King Lear's.

The story is rightly tragic. Julia dies, worn-out, and saddened by her son's desertion; the six elder daughters are greedy, noisy, ungrateful, they all—this is too much of a pattern—marry useless, parasitical husbands; young Elias is a gentle, timid, artistic boy with a genius for music. His father bullies and misunderstands him, smashes his violin, and the boy runs away; and the only other tolerable child is the last, young Julia who is like her mother. Elias makes a fortune in coffee, risks it, increases it until he is one of the richest men in the state. He is incredibly hard-working and inspires others to work. All his six married daughters extort money from him: they just come with their disagreeable children and settle on him till he pays them to go back to their nauseating husbands. When Julia dies, no one loves Elias except his youngest daughter, who bears with him as did her mother. When he dies there is no one to mourn him except her, a Brazilian friend who has only seen him three times, and the drunken, disillusioned Dr. Froes.

"The Bonfire," remarkable for the vigorous presentation of Elias, is even more notable for its success in producing the great scenes of the story: the storm in Syria, when Julia nearly loses her life, the passage to Brazil, the building and breaking of the great dam, the terror of the episode when Elias breaks his son's fiddle, the Froes' interview with the old witch-doctor and the death-scene of Elias himself—all are fine examples of romantic writing. The book is an extravagant example of an extravagant style; and its author's unquestioning conviction of its imaginative reality must be accepted by any reader who wishes to enjoy "The Bonfire."

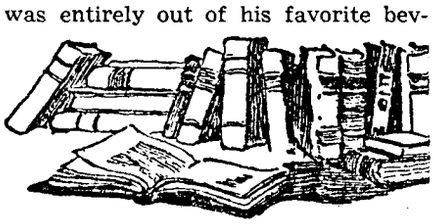
Humor to Offset Tragedy

MR. GLENCANNON IGNORES THE WAR. By Guy Gilpatric. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1944. 157 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THOSE whose fancies and dreams are bound up in the fortunes of Mr. Colin Glencannon, chief engineer of the freighter *Inchcliffe Castle,* will be pleased to know that their indomitable and hirsute hero has managed to escape from the unfortunate predicament which befell him at the Far Eastern port of Pandalang shortly after December 7, 1941, when he was captured by the Japs while performing his duty. He is now with the Allies again, and, as you can see from a glance at your newspaper, things are much better for us. Mr. Glencannon, by the way, was not seriously tortured. Except for being forced to drink varnish, and an unfortunate experience during which he was encased in cement for twenty-four hours—also while doing his duty—he suffered only from the unfortunate quality of what was given him to drink. The food he ignored.

It was a self-imposed duty, to be sure, which the burly and bacchic Scot was performing when he was captured. The Japs were already in one end of the city and the *Inchcliffe Castle* was preparing to sail when Mr. Glencannon discovered that he was entirely out of his favorite bev-



erage, an Elysian elixir known as Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch, The World-Renowned Scotch Whisky. He set off immediately to procure some and was proceeding back to the boat carrying three cases when unconsciousness suddenly overcame him. When he awakened he was clothed in the uniform of an admiral of the British Navy and was a prisoner of war. Mr. Glencannon was deeply shocked, for he had been, up to this point, ignoring the war. "I was ignoring it utterly," he said. "That, I find, is the one and only way to mak' war endurable to my nairves."

This is not the place wherein to tell how Scotland's glory dealt with the situation; how the cunning of his remarkable brain, the quickness of his eye, his oriental inscrutability under interrogation, and the impenetrable jungles of certain areas of his anatomy, all combined to jettison the plans of his captors and bring to them a serious naval defeat. Such deeds are expected of Glencannon, and if there is anything remarkable about these latest exploits it is that most of them were performed with only a modicum of Duggan's Dew at hand, or as on one ghastly occasion, none at all.

A humorous book about the tragic events of the early days of the Japanese war may seem premature—it's the sort of thing we'll be turning out at a great rate when the conflict is over—but it is most welcome, and it indicates an early recovery from the shock of our inadequacy and complacency at the time of Pearl Harbor. When we have corrected our mistakes to the point where we can look back and laugh at ourselves for having committed them, we are doing all right.

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Exiled Royalty

LOST WALTZ: A STORY OF EXILE. By Bertita Harding. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 312 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

WHEN the Austrian Emperor Charles left Vienna in 1918 and went to Switzerland, the imperial anthem was done away with. Renner and Seitz, the Socialist leaders, ordered a new anthem for Austria. But you could still hear the Viennese singing, under his breath:

God preserve, God protect
Our Renner, our Seitz
And—you can't tell what will happen—
Our Swiss Charlie these cold nights.

With the keen instinct that many Austrians have always had, they sensed that soon the looks of things might change. A republic in a land that had been ruled by emperors and archdukes for ten centuries? Red flags and red flowers in the Ringstrasse where you used to see the elegant equipages of the Hapsburg princes and archduchesses? Twenty years later came—not an emperor but Hitler.

But in 1918 Emperor Charles hoped for a return and so did many of the Archdukes who had fled. One of the few "democratic Hapsburgs" who took events in their stride was Leopold Salvator, nephew of the Emperor Franz Joseph, Inspector General of the Austrian Artillery in World War I. With his wife, Infanta Blanca, and eight of their ten children, he escaped to Barcelona to start a new life. He was almost penniless.

Bertita Harding, known as portrayer of the lives of past and present members of the European royalty, and herself the daughter of a Hungarian countess, tells in this colorful narrative the various adventures of the Leopold Salvator family. "Lost Waltz" is dedicated to "Their Imperial and Royal Highnesses Archduke and Archduchess Franz Josef whose help with the material for this book amounted to actual collaboration." This son, Franz Josef, is at present a registered representative of the New York Stock Exchange. His brother Leopold married an American girl and also lives in this country, and so does Assunta, one of his sisters, who spent many years as a nun in a Spanish convent —before she married an Italian physician. Another sister is held by the Japanese in a Shanghai concentration camp.

The family led an almost incredibly eccentric and eventful life in exile. While in Barcelona, Infanta Blanca, past fifty, had to adjust herself to the change from living in a castle

with eighty-six liveried servants to a house with no servants at all. She liked to boast: "I have the quickest servant. I ring the bell—and here I am." Her husband offered no objections when his daughters went to market and did housework. His sons Franz Josef and Anton held jobs as garage mechanics and later became commercial pilots. He himself had in his royal days been responsible for two important inventions in the automobile field.

It was a sad exile but not a tragic one. Infanta Blanca, after the death of her husband, was allowed to return to Vienna. She was, however, arrested by the Nazis in 1938 and later escaped, this time to Italy. Nothing in Mrs. Harding's story indicates that the Infanta and her children ever lost their courage. There was always the dream of Vienna, a Vienna gay and carefree as in the pre-war days. This is why this book possesses nostalgic charm for everybody who has ever lived in Europe.

"Lost Waltz," to be considered in the general class of "authorized biography," is written in a light, chatty style and is filled with anecdotes, picturesque and dramatic, as easy to read as a daily gossip column. The author devotes more space to the daily events in the life of the Hapsburg exiles and less to their place in Austrian history and in these tragic days; and she gives the reader the feeling that she worships her subject with blind adoration. But her book also reveals life—not merely the life of a royal family in distress. And while this vivacious narrative is told in an episodic and incomplete manner, its material is as absorbing as any novel's, with special appeal to a vanishing aristocracy. "Lost Waltz" will be read for more than plain enjoyment by all who still live in that half-real world.

Omnibus of Science

THE BOOK OF NATURALISTS. Edited by William Beebe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 495 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

PERHAPS a reviewer should not accept for review an anthology in which he finds a selection from his own work. But if the reader will allow me to make exception of the few pages that I wrote (which must blush to find themselves in the company of Aristotle and Darwin!) then I may assure you that I greatly enjoyed this omnibus of natural history writings.

An omnibus it certainly is, a 500-page "bus" with a passenger list of forty-five authors, and weighing 200,000 words. And the whole chosen by one of the foremost nature writers of our times, the eminent Dr. William Beebe. Naturally there are many selections one wishes that Dr. Beebe had included. Among them must certainly be reckoned his own work. If that exclusion was dictated by modesty, it is regrettable.

Before each selection Dr. Beebe, in a few words, explains the background of the passage and why he chose it, and gives a thumbnail impression of the author's place in his—Dr. Beebe's—regard. These are well done, though he is a bit condescending to Audubon, and it is surely a mistake to reckon John Burroughs as one of the New England writers. The immortal Linnæus fares badly, too, by a quotation from his naive zoölogical systematics when we might have had a selection from his delightful Lapland journey.

More than half these choices are the ones you are expecting, the same that other anthologists usually include: again we have Thoreau's description of Walden Pond, again Burroughs on the birds, Maeterlinck on the bee swarm, Bartram on the rattlesnake, Hudson's Patagonian memories, and Teddy Roosevelt on the strenuous life as practised in East Africa. To the time-tested excellence of these selections are added some unexpected and most refreshing ones. For instance, the essay on bird migration from Frederick the Second's "Art of Falconry" (1245) has long needed reprinting. It is delightful to read Stefansson on arctic animals, Farrer on alpine flowers, and a selection from Gilbert Klingel's little appreciated book, "Inagua," in which he defends the octupus.

All in all it will make excellent reading for anyone interested in birds, mammals, insects, and outdoor nature generally.

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AMERICA AND HER FOUNDATIONS

(*Continued from page 7*)

in the lap of puritan Boston, stated that the greatest single influence upon his life was an essay by that stern and versatile puritan, Cotton Mather.

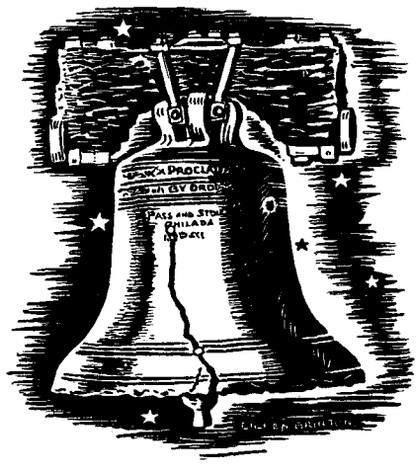
It is in matters of emphasis that readers of Dr. Perry's book will most differ from him, and that critics can most successfully attack him. The transition from American puritanism to American democracy, he writes, was "at one and the same time a revolution and an evolution." It was an evolution, of course, in that it transferred to democracy the values noted above—individual dignity, equality before God, the idea of contract, and so on. It was a revolution in that the Enlightenment triumphed over the medieval qualities of puritanism, and secularism destroyed the ecclesiastical element in state affairs. But which was the more important, the evolution or the revolution? Here is a cardinal question, to which Mr. Perry replies "The evolution"; whereas a host of well-informed students will maintain that the revolution was by far the more important. What is more, they will say that it is improper to speak of revolution as contributing to a transition; a revolution means a sharp break with the past. The democratic world after the French Revolution in Europe, and after the Jeffersonian revolution in America, was in large part a world diametrically opposed to certain basic assumptions of puritanism.

This question whether Dr. Perry does not overemphasize evolution, and underemphasize the great revolutionary forces which altered the world in the eighteenth century, is complicated by another factor to which he gives inadequate attention: the factor of industrialization. The Enlightenment of the eighteenth century was followed by the Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth. Both contributed powerfully to the general sweep of Rationalism. Indeed, when we think what commerce did for tolerance, what industrialism did to break down the alliance of the oldtime aristocracy and clergy, what an effect the rise of the laboring class had upon general radicalism of thought, and so on, it is hard to say which made the greater contribution. The Industrial Revolution combined with the Enlightenment to carry mankind very far indeed from the institutions and ideas of the puritan world; and it had the profoundest effects, some good and some bad, upon democracy. This is a broad field which Dr. Perry leaves almost unexamined. He gives a brief section to those puritan ideas of thrift and enterprise which, in Old England and New England alike, did so much to promote industrialism, but that is all.

But it is only in emphasis that Mr. Perry's treatment can be questioned; his general thesis is perfectly valid. The puritan forces in American life, as defined by him, have been and happily remain of vital importance, well worthy of being placed in juxtaposition with the democratic forces to which they are so closely related. Mr. Perry's mastery of the great puritan writings in Britain and America is as complete as his analysis of the role of puritan impulses in our development is subtle and searching.

The last hundred and fifty pages of the book, dealing with the "appraisal of democracy" in terms of its capacity to solve present-day problems, are not to be neglected. They suffer sometimes from an excessive abstraction; as the author is treating immediate difficulties, readers will wish he were more practical and concrete. Writing as the philosopher of government, not as a student of politics, he gives us generalizations which occasionally seem truisms. But many of the ideas here stated are original and stimulating. Not a few of them, notably in the sections on "The Individual as the Seat of Value" and "Equality and Fraternity," are the old puritan ideas furnished with modern connotations. The whole tenor of this section is fortifying and elevating, and it ends on a note of somewhat non-puritanical and even Jeffersonian optimism as to the future of mankind: once America really identifies herself with the world-wide and age-long adventure of mankind:

> The only bounds set to personal or national aspiration will be those which are prescribed by peace, and which will serve, not as restrictive barriers, but rather as channels of mutual enrichment. Nations, like men, will no longer live in walled castles from which they make occasional armed forays, but in the valleys and plains where without loss of domestic privacy they enjoy together the fruits of the earth and the achievements of human genius.



History of Electricity

THE SOUL OF AMBER. The Background of Electrical Science. By Alfred Still. New York: Murray Hill Books, Inc. 1944. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

MR. STILL gives us a history of electricity and theories of the nature of electricity from ancient times to Faraday. The late Park Benjamin and many others have done the same. Mr. Still's historical examination is different because he more definitely relates experimenter to experimenter, theory to theory, so that we have a progression of thought, which is what any student of physics wants, provided he is not content with accepting present-day knowledge as it stands and ignoring the manner in which that knowledge was acquired.

Electrical science did not develop in a vacuum. What its practitioners thought about it from Thales down through Gilbert, von Guericke, Boyle, Nollet, Cavendish, Franklin, and Faraday necessarily reflects social thinking and especially philosophy. So it happens that John Wesley had much to say that was of interest and importance on electricity. Volta was once the one man in Italy who interested Napoleon as a creative personality, and Napoleon saw to it that Volta could continue his university work. Hume, who anticipated our modern philosophical physicists of the Eddington-Jeans stripe by suggesting that cause and effect were not what his contemporaries thought they were, also exerted his influence. Descartes and Kant, though, strictly speaking they were not experimental physicists, likewise promulgated doctrines that the electrical experimenters could hardly ignore. It is because he explores such marginal fields of electric theorizing and experimenting that his book stands apart.

Though he has written for the general reader, Mr. Still has taken the pains to include good bibliographies at the end of his chapters, so that sources as well as conclusions can be traced. His compact general historical review even the historian of science will find useful. For some unknown reason Mr. Still did not consider it his function to trace the history of electrical thinking beyond Faraday.

This reviewer, for one, hopes that he will undertake an extension into nineteenth and twentieth century physics and thus link the present with the past.

WAR BONDS
THE BEST INVESTMENT

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A Career of Adventure

GYPSY IN THE SUN. By Rosita Forbes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 384 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

THIS is the first volume of a two-volume autobiography of one of the most amazingly traveled women of our times. Rosita Forbes is perhaps not quite so famous a personage now as in the celebrity-conscious twenties, when her first trip into the Libyan wasteland made the world's headlines. But the years seem never to have diminished her romantic yen for traveling. She says that the first fifteen years of her wanderings (1920-35), described in this book, were essentially "heedless journeys," motivated by a passion for "earth's beauty," which she loved as a gypsy loves the sun. In her next volume, to be published in 1945, she promises to sketch the years of more serious travel (1935-44), in which she saw World War II gathering and was conscious, like many another of her generation, of an "appointment with destiny."

Perhaps it is retrospect, but Miss Forbes's sense of being in touch with history, or on its fringe, pervades "Gypsy in the Sun" and gives the book some of its best sparkle. As a well-born celebrity, she had no difficulty meeting most of the world's important people—though she also rubbed elbows with a lot of humble folk. The result in this suave, skilfully written autobiography is a startling and piquant change of pace. For example, the reader meets Queen Marie of Rumania and a pageful or so of royal Balkan gossip. Pretty soon Miss Forbes is back with her beloved Arabs, riding out a storm in the Red Sea, disguised as a pilgrim to forbidden Mecca, or bouncing on camelback across some flinty desert. Wherever she goes, the author takes along a starry eye for exotic scenes, a sharp eye for personalities. Though she lays claim to an international point-of-view, it often seems more the international set point-of-view, or the upper-class British point-of-view.

Looking back toward her "beginnings" in her landowner father's Lincolnshire manor house, Miss Forbes finds she was jacketed by a family upbringing that made much of "duty" unleavened by humor or tolerance. "An earnest, temperamental, frustrated and eager girl," she sought escape in planning "a career of adventure." There was a youthful, unhappy marriage ending soon in divorce. There were trips to India and Australia. World War I brought a spell of ambulance driving in France. A sophisticated worldling, she danced in Paris during the Versailles Conference days, and in the capital of light began to meet the captains and the kings.

The pages of "Gypsy in the Sun" are studded with these encounters, all interesting and many downright fascinating. Clemenceau walks in, the old Tiger of France, who said of the peace pact, "There is the basis of a just and durable war." Lord Balfour, during a Channel crossing, remarks: "The national home for the Jews is a very poetic idea—as such it is justified." Gabriele d'Annunzio is very gallant. Marshal Lyautey is very imperial. Benito Mussolini talks with sly wit. Ras Tafari (later Haile Selassie) speaks with dignity. Lord Allenby plays with his pet crane. Mustapha Kemal—Miss Forbes brackets him with Franklin Roosevelt as really great—sits on a packing case in Anatolia, cutting a splinter from his bare foot. All the royalty of the Balkans and Spain pass in review—and not unfavorably.

In the early twenties, Miss Forbes made her celebrated march across North Africa to the mysterious Kufra Oasis. No European woman had made that perilous journey before. It called for dressing in desert garb, breaking bread with unsoaped nomads and bearded sheikhs, suffering thirst, mirages, blazing heat and possible attack by hostile tribesmen. Miss Forbes's book about that adventure—"The Secret of the Sahara"—introduced her to fame. She became, as well, a sort of unofficial colleague of Lawrence of Arabia, St. John Philby, Gertrude Bell, and other young British imperialists of the Middle East. She disliked Zionism, because she was a champion of the Arabs. She had no use for rival French imperialism in the Levant.

There was another marriage. Temperamental, "different" Rosita, on her wedding morn, refused to marry tall, Irish, army-trained Arthur McGrath. But the bridegroom was very determined and took her, temperament, black wedding ring, and all. On a lecture trip to the United States, Miss Forbes, as a celebrity, went through the ordeal of interviews. On the public platform she spoke as an apologist for Arab "unity and independence."

Most of the remaining twenties and early thirties were jampacked with exciting trips through the Middle East (as far as Iran) and quieter visits up and down the Continent. A long trek across Latin America, culminating in Mexico, ended the traveler's "heedless journeys." But heedless or not, as Miss Forbes recounts them, they make a notable travelogue.

Eastward to Siberia

FROM THE VOLGA TO THE YUKON. By Daniel Henderson. New York: Hastings House. 1944. 256 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by I. D. W. TALMADGE

FEW episodes in history are as exciting as the story of Russia's expansion eastward across Siberia to the American continent. It is rich in all the elements of grand romance—adventure, heroism, intrigue. Several books have recently been written on the subject. And this one more will hardly glut the market.

Although Daniel Henderson's "From the Volga to the Yukon" adds little to what has already been told, the material is so fascinating that it can stand retelling. Here again are the engrossing tales of the Cossack chieftain Yermark, who with his band of outlaws defeated the descendants of Genghis Khan and gained Siberia for the Czars; of the adventurous traders and empire-builders Stroganov, Shelikov, Golikov; of the ill-fated explorer, Vitus Bering, who twice in fifteen years came within reach of Alaska without setting foot on it; of the conqueror of the Amur, General Muraviov, who outwitted the sagacious Chinese; of the first dictator in the North American continent, Alexander Baranov, the bald-headed, shirt-sleeves boss of Alaska.

All this, as we have said before, is grand material. But, unfortunately, Mr. Henderson handles it in a sort of Sunday-supplement manner. He tends to over-popularize. Quite unnecessarily the author introduces three or four fictional characters into his narrative; puts words into the mouths of his real characters which savor strangely of Hollywood. Thus High Chamberlain Rezanov wooing the daughter of the Spanish Governor of California: "I mean it. I want you to go there as my bride." She: "Why should one as grand as you desire a girl of a different race, who has no fortune, and whose education is that of the kitchen and meadows?" He: "I love you—that is enough reason! May I ask your noble father?" She: "Yes, Nikolai." (In his foreword, Mr. Henderson assures the reader that "When we have created conversations between characters, we have based them on historical facts.") Another annoyance, even if it is a minor one, is the careless jumbling of some of the Russian phrases.

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COUNTRIES IN THE HEADLINES

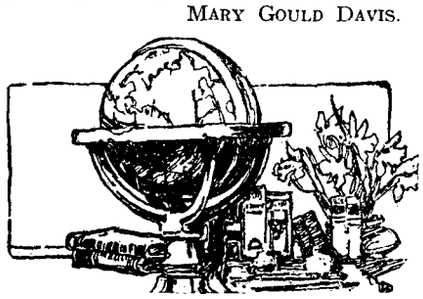
THE "project" method in the public schools has created in even very little children an extraordinary interest in the countries whose names appear today in the headlines of our newspapers—a fact that makes us long "to make hay while the sun shines." The fact is that this interest, which is often only superficial, poses a problem for people who are anxious to "connect" children and books, particularly for the public libraries. Forty very small citizens, from 2B or 3A in the public schools, will invade the Children's Room and demand forty books "about China" or "about Russia." They are, of course, incapable of reading books that deal with the more important aspects of national life. To find for them forty books that they *can* read and that will give them any sense at all of the country concerned is almost impossible. They are, too, obeying the direction of a teacher. What they *can* read, they read because they must and not because they want to.

And yet, underneath all this "project" activity there lies a very real and lively curiosity. No one who knows the younger generation can fail to have seen and felt it. It was reflected in the books selected by grown-ups for Christmas presents. It appeared in the choice made by the older boys and girls themselves, when they were wisely given a choice. The publishers have included many books about other countries in their lists during these last years, some good, some poor. In selecting from them it behooves us to remember that no other generation has seen the world as the boys and girls of today are going to see it. They will be in a position before many years have passed to challenge author and artist, publisher and critic! They will be talking over questions of international trade and culture "on the spot," whether that spot is the African jungle or the icefields of the North Pole. Their education, using the word in its broadest sense, should be for the whole round world.

This reviewer knows a man who is the son of a guide in the Maine woods. Scraping together every cent that they could earn, his parents sent him to a technical school in Boston. When he had finished, some wealthy visitor to the Camp on the Lake got him a job in a famous airplane factory. When the war came he was hardly more than a boy, but he was an expert on a certain make of airplane engine. Today, he has set his plane down all over the world. He has lived for weeks in places that are hardly more than names on a map to the people of his village. When the war is over, when he comes back and marries and settles down, he will speak casually of experiences that would have sounded a few years ago like the almost incredible anecdotes of a world-famous explorer. We who have stayed at home will have to learn not to "gape" at the men who come back!

And one way in which to learn is to share with boys and girls the really good, authentic books, being careful to select the ones that are within their comprehension. Because the whole subject is obviously "a good market" for publishers and booksellers, we should be particularly careful in our selection. The only safe way is to read everything, then discard the unsound, the superficial, the sentimental, keeping only those that are truly representative of the country that is their subject. It is not a simple matter. But then, nothing is simple in these tragic days. It is rather fun, really, to sift away the chaff and keep only the good, golden grain.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.



AFRICA

STANLEY'S AFRICA. Written and Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 288 *pp.* $3.50.

THIS is a fascinating and an irritating record of Henry Stanley's years in Africa. Fascinating because it tells in words as vivid as those of an eye-witness the places that he saw, the people whom he met, the method of travel and barter—all the crowded details of an almost superhuman accomplishment that was characterized from first to last by an almost superhuman courage and determination. Irritating because Mr. Busoni allows his personal reactions and opinions to have free rein. It is almost as though he were taking Stanley's side in a furious debate. What will boys of today care for the controversy that raged about Stanley in England and on the Continent in those far-off days? The head waggings of the learned Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society mean very little now, the political intrigues and jealousies seem petty and unimportant.

Admittedly the story of Belgium's part in the development of the Congo is a dark chapter in the history of civilization and a hard one to write. Mr. Busoni touches on it lightly. It might better have been omitted in this particular book. The story here might well have ended with Stanley's return after the opening up of the Congo River. It is those three years that will stand out as one of the great records of exploration. It is this part of the book that will thrill the young people of our day. From the Ashanti interlude to the expedition to rescue Emin Pasha, who did not apparently want to be rescued, the tale is an exciting one.

It is a reporter's story, vivid and telling as the accounts that come from our war fronts today. Through it Stanley's personality emerges. We never quite like him—but we always admire him. And, in spite of the hardships

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that he endures—we envy him. What scenes unfolded before his eyes! What glorious memories he must have had in those last years when, through a quiet English landscape, he must have seen again and again the deep green jungles, the high wind-swept plains, the boundless lakes, the deep, swift rivers of a land that was a closed book to most of his contemporaries.

Today American planes are flying over those hidden places that he alone had seen. In all probability Africa's century will be the twentieth. Stanley believed in the African people. In as far as a nineteenth-century newspaper man could understand them, he seemed to have had a sort of instinct for creating confidence among them. The warriors and bearers that he took with him went through the very worst kind of danger and privation because of their faith in him. For that and for his stubborn courage he has won a deservedly high place in the long and brilliant history of exploration. His failings and the complicated results of what he uncovered will be forgotten by the boys and girls who read this. Through it Africa will call to them. Not alone for its strangeness and the richness of its natural inheritance, but for its people. The last chapter here tells of their rapid development. More and more the record of their ancient and varied culture is being made for laymen to read. So this book is a timely one. The illustrations are stunning. They alone would give this book unique value.

M. G. D.

CHINA

CHINA, COUNTRY OF CONTRASTS. By Mary A. Nourse and Delia Goetz. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 229 *pp.* $2.50.

IT is natural that during this war a number of books should have been written to introduce China to American youth. This one covers an amazingly wide range of subjects; the geography of this vast country, its production, handicraft, education. There are also glimpses into China's thousand-year-old history. It is written in a clear, straightforward style, in a way, perhaps, that a teacher might speak to his class. "Keep this in mind," the authors say. "We shall hear more about this again."

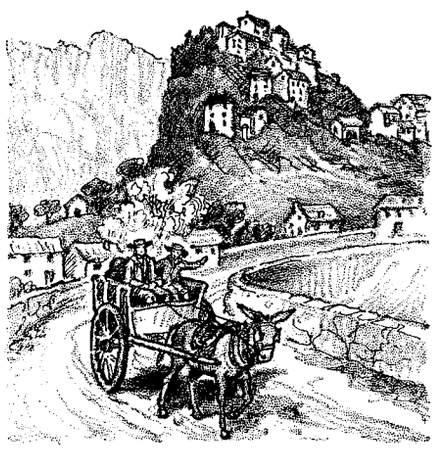
They tell us of the Chinese holidays, the many festivals that are celebrated particularly for the children. They tell the present day odyssey, due to the war, of the Chinese students and their teachers—an heroic adventure that puts us easy-going Westerners to shame. A last chapter stresses the necessity for coöperation between the United States and China. Though the authors love and admire Chinese civilization they greatly favor bringing Western progress and industrialization to America's ally.

The book is abundantly illustrated. Faces of Chinese children smile at us from photographs, some of which were taken by Mary Nourse. It will be a book demanded by teachers for boys and girls who ask questions about this great Eastern land.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

GIANTS OF CHINA. By Helena Kue. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 254 *pp.* $3.

THE lives of twelve great Chinese leaders of the past and present are described here in simple, matter-of-fact language. We learn about the Empire builder Huang Ti who lived more than two thousand years before Christ, the pirate's son Tseng Cheng-Kung, and the great teacher Confucius. Legends and short poems are interwoven with the narration. Beside the important men, some unusual women emerge from this book; the Lady of Si Ling, an Empress, who discovered the silk worm, and, thanks to her inventive genius, launched the great silk industry; Madame Ben Tsao who loved books so much and yet "kept her home scrupulously clean and only continued her studies after she had finished her housework and embroidery." This unusual woman, who lived probably in the first century, wrote the Three Obediences and the Four Virtues for Women which are still regulating, we are told, the lives of Chinese women.



—From "Two Young Corsicans."

The author seems to be at her best when she writes about modern China. For young people who are interested in China—and an amazing number are —this should be a useful book. It will tell them from what heritage the present-day Chinese draw their strength and faith and endurance. The illustrations, by Woodi Ishmael, are in the spirit of the old Chinese prints.

B. W. S.

CORSICA

TWO YOUNG CORSICANS; A BOY AND HIS COLT. By Anna Bird Stewart. Illustrated by Catherine M. Richter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 261 *pp.* $2.

CORSICA is an unusual background for a children's book. This story succeeds in making it attractive—and interesting. It makes convincing, too, the fellowship between a boy and the animals whom he understands, a relationship that is the same all the world over. Baptiste is the son of a shepherd in a mountain village. Generations of his family have been shepherds. He "inherits" sheep. His favorite companion is, however, not a shepherd boy but Toni whose father owns a great estate and stable near the city of Ajaccio where Napoleon was born. Corsica seems to have a sturdy democracy of its own. Despite the difference in their social standing, Toni and Baptiste become friends and it is Toni's father who gives Baptiste Nappi, the tiny Corsican pony who is one of the important characters in this story. As a character, Nappi is very well drawn. So is the wise old shepherd dog, Argus. Then there is the Curé who tells Kalliste, Baptiste's mother, that her son has learned "two of the world's greatest lessons—honesty and hospitality," and thus gives us another glimpse into the heart of this island country.

Behind the action of the story, which is exciting enough to please boys and girls, there is always a sense of the land; of the mountain meadows where the sheep graze, of the village square and fountain and the narrow, twisted streets, of the spicy scent of herbs and flowers. Miss Richter, who made the charming illustrations for "Bibi, the Baker's Horse," adds to this feeling of background with her drawings. She makes us long to follow those winding roads up to the top of the hill where we can see the blue Mediterranean and the coast of France.

M. G. D.

ENGLAND

THREE AND A PIGEON. By Kitty Barnes. Illustrated by Stuart Tresilian. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 206 *pp.* $2.

THE outstanding character of this story of an English country town in wartime is Ivy who, having been bombed out of her home in London, comes to Willowfield to be bombed out again. It was through a sort of fluke that the bomb fell on the Doctor's house where Ivy was staying with the Doctor's son and daughter for the duration. The children were in school when they heard the bomb strike. They stayed in school

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until lessons were over and then followed the crowd to their house—in ruins now, its precious possessions scattered and destroyed. At once Ivy, that experienced young Cockney, sets the atmosphere. Her sharp wits, her humor, her patience help to settle not only the problems of the Doctor's family, but the various troubles of the boy from Belgium and the Black Market mystery. Her wonder at and gratitude to America for supplying her with a wardrobe is characteristic: "My coat is Red Cross, my knickers Bundles for Britain," she says. "And to think that if it hadn't been for the grasshopper on the bit of wood that stopped Christopher Columbus from turning back, he mightn't ever have found the place!"

It is Tessa, the Doctor's daughter, who, through her delight in his pigeons, breaks down the doubts and fears of the Belgian boy, Emile. Supported ably by Ivy and by the irrepressible Sandy, Tessa works out a plot that exposes the Black "Marketeer" and saves both the pigeons and Emile. Then there is Mrs. Wedge, the Doctor's housekeeper, who stays with them in spite of higher earnings in the war factories because "You don't get doctors nowadays without you live in the house with 'em. I shouldn't feel safe without one." Mrs. Wedge is really "Miss Wedge" and later on in the story falls in love with Mr. Gaby—a truly Dickensonian character. There are humor and action enough here to make this a "find" for both boys and girls. To more experienced minds it is a fine record of the qualities that have brought the people of England through these last tragic years. Miss Barnes does not speak of these qualities. She presents them in terms of daily living. Her characters are both convincing and endearing. In one sense this is a war story. In another it is just a good tale made more exciting by an incident that only war could have produced. M. G. D.

POLAND

IN VOYTUS' LITTLE HOUSE. By Janina Porazinska. Illustrated by Stanislaw Bobinski. Translated from the Polish by Lucia Merecka Borski. New York: Roy Publishers. 1944. 47 *pp.* $1.25.

MY VILLAGE. By Janina Porazinska. Illustrated by Stanislaw Bobinski. Translated from the Polish by Lucia Merecka Borski. New York: Roy Publishers. 1944. 46 *pp.* $1.25.

IN two unusual picture books with illustrations and end-paper designs by Stanislaw Bobinski we gain for ourselves and can pass on even to very little children a vivid sense of a Polish village, of the everyday things that

—From "In Voytus' Little House."

happen there, of the houses and the people. In Voytus's little house there is a cat who inherited two tail-hairs from his great-great-great grandfather who was obviously Puss-in-Boots. Bobinski's drawings of him—there are two—are the most striking portraits of that famous character that this reviewer has ever seen, with the possible exception of a well-known French edition with illustrations by Vimar. In Voytus's house, too, are some enchanting brownies who live in earthernware pots:

> Who is scraping under the chimney? A wee little brownie.
> How long has he been in the house? One thousand years.
> How does he look? He has a snow-white beard down to his waist.
> Would he harm the children? Oh, no, for he loves them indeed.

In Voytus's house the broom dances a polka with the poker. The poker has only one leg, but the broom has three hundred. There is a chest painted in bright colors. There are plates and pitchers with marvellous scenes painted on them. In some ways Voytus's house is like the houses that our children know. In other ways it is quite different. It is always joyous and beautiful. The pictures that show it to us are in soft browns and greens on a clear ivory page.

In the village, mallows and sun-flowers grow in the gardens in summer. In winter the snow makes "coats of white sheepskin for the dry trees, spreads a comforter on the roof of the barn and puts high caps on the low bushes." The oak doors of the houses squeak softly when father leaves the cottage in the early morning. But when they see the bailiff come they shout with all their might: "Goodness Gracious! What an important person comes to our house!" The smoke from the chimney spreads glad news across the sky: "There will be barley and pork for dinner!," it shouts. "And sausage, too! And sausage, too!" The bold lines of the smoke-clouds seem to move across the page as you look at them. You can almost hear the farm horses tramping across the lime-tree bridge. One man is driving, one is sitting on top of the hay. "Welcome, neighbors. Come in and make merry. Share our cream and cheese and wheat cakes and our pot of cabbage with the fat pork, cooked especially for you."

There is no plot, no continuous story. But in word pictures that, in Lucia Borski's translation, are like poetry, and in strong, bold, expressive drawings the tiny drama is played, clear as crystal, touched always with humor and imagination. One book that brought the true spirit of Christmas to the boys and girls of New York was "Lullaby." It was told and read aloud and the pictures shown in every branch of the New York Public Library. Let their feeling for the artists and writers of Poland carry on through the year with these two charming books.

M. G. D.

RUSSIA

PEOPLES OF THE USSR. By Anna Louise Strong. Illustrated with Photographs. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

ONE might take up this book and say: "Another book about Russia." But even a casual turning of its pages brings one sharply to attention. It is filled with the most revealing photographs that this reviewer has seen. Here are the people of the sixteen Soviet Republics, some with the fair, frank faces of the Slav, some with the high cheek-bones and long eyes of the East. But whatever the marks of race, they are all tremendously *alive*. The vitality that speaks from these photographs is an amazing thing. It is equalled by the vitality, the unflagging interest of Mrs. Strong's text. The scope of it, historically and geographically, is enormous. In the chapter called "The Long Past" she says of Asia:

> As years passed the Glacial Age receded, the heart of Asia grew drier and hotter. Some men fought the growing drought; others fled from it. Those who fought the drought became the world's first settled farmers and most-ancient civilization. . . . Those who fled the drying lands established the countries of Europe and of our modern world.

This kind of clear, comprehensive statement runs all through the story of the building of modern Russia.

It is an epic tale of the conquering of great natural obstacles from drought to cold, of welding into one great Republic races, languages, and traditions that were completely alien and different. Mrs. Strong takes up one by one the sixteen states, showing their history and origin up to the time when they became a Soviet Republic, and

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tracing their development since that time. It would seem to be a very "large order," and yet one is never conscious of effort in the writing, one never finds a statement too general to form a clear picture. In words that in some places positively sing with enthusiasm she shows us these people as they were, as they are. She makes them so varied, so interesting that one cannot put the book down until the last of the sixteen Republics is pictured.

It is a book that will have a very wide appeal just now. There has always been a keen interest in the people of Russia among the young people of America. This is an answer to innumerable questions. It is, of course, one-sided. Having lived half her adult life in Soviet Russia and married a Russian, Mrs. Strong believes strongly in the rightness of Russia's planning. She speaks from first-hand knowledge. She has seen places in the far states that few Americans have seen. She knows from personal observation what the Soviet Government has done for the newer members of the USSR, what the war with Germany has done for them, what they work for and hope for in the future. She knows what the people of the Baltic States said when they were incorporated into the Union, what the people of the "High Pastures," the people of Kirghizia, did when Hitler's invasion came.

One can hardly recommend this book too highly. It needs no introduction other than its own pages. It tells a thrilling story of history made and in the making.

M. G. D.

THE LAND OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. By Alexander Nazaroff. Photographs from Sovfoto and The National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 160 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a timely book. Children and young people as well as their elders want to know more about Soviet Russia—a country of which most Westerners are surprisingly ignorant. The author belongs to those who, in their own minds, have made a happy synthesis between the old and the new. In fact, to him there is not an old Russia and a new, post-revolutionary Russia. "There is but *one* Russia that continues." Strong with this conviction, he has written a truly fascinating book. He leads his reader on a trip to Russia, starting at San Francisco and arriving at Vladivostok. Frequently, to make the trip more vivid, he compares new places or circumstances with familiar ones. Only a few more people live in the endless stretches of Siberia than in the State of New York, he explains. When he comes to the Volga River, he recalls to his readers the famous "Volga Boat Song." He shows us a number of places that have played an important part in this war. When we reach the city of Stalingrad, for instance, he retraces the historic battle of 1942. He shows us the siege of Leningrad—Leningrad the modern rising in contrast to Moscow the city of old squares and churches and to Samarkand with its Mohammedan picturesqueness.

We certainly gain from this book an understanding of the immensity of the Soviet Union. As in Philip Second's vast Spanish Empire the sun never sets within its borders. Here its history unfolds from earliest times, through the period of the Czars and the Emperors to the present-day Soviet peoples whom the author strongly supports and admires. He characterizes them in these words:

> A manly, creative, and healthy atmosphere pervades the country. The Russian people believe in themselves, in their strength, in their future and take pride in it all. They are a great nation.

This fascinating book is profusely illustrated with beautiful photographs of cities, people, and the countryside, and with reproductions of famous paintings and etchings. In content and presentation as well as in format, it is a worthy addition to the Portraits of the Nations Series.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

SPAIN

THE BULLFIGHTER'S SON. By Maria Cristina Chambers. Illustrations by Ignacio P. Ortega. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 94 *pp.* $1.75.

IF our children, as adults, are to understand the Spanish people it would be well for them to read now this story of a Spanish boy. Paco is the son of one of Spain's most famous bullfighters, El Gallo, at the time of the Spanish Civil War in 1936. El Gallo is killed by the Nazistas, the Fascists, in trying to protect a prize bull. So an American friend who is in Spain at the time with the Red Cross takes Paco home with him to America. His father's scarlet cloak, the golden locket that the Duchess, his godmother, gives him, his blue silk tights, his pink silk stockings, his spangled bolero jacket of gold and lavender, his tiny sword, and his bright banderillas go with him. For Paco is determined to be a bullfighter like his father. The story of their escape through the fascist lines is told, and the story of Paco in the strange atmosphere of the Beddington's Long Island home. One of his first acts is to train their Great Dane to be a bull!

—From "Stanley's Africa."

There is both humor and pathos here. Like most Spaniards, Paco is not an easy person for an American brought up as was Peter, the Beddington's son, to understand. Tradition, pride of race, pride in his famous father, the little mannerisms that are as natural to him as breathing, make him seem alien to this characteristically American household. But he has courage and high spirits and the Beddingtons are understanding in their attitude toward him. He does not change and you know that he will not change. Mrs. Chambers is very wise in her analysis of this situation. In the end Paco is looking forward hopefully to Mexico where he can study seriously "the bullfighter's art."

The drawings are interesting, but so badly reproduced that they lose much of their value. Why splash them with red? Black and white would have been more in harmony with the dignity and integrity of Paco himself.

M. G. D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 563)

SHERWOOD ANDERSON: *NOTEBOOK*

("I'LL SAY WE'VE DONE WELL.")

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the Phoenix Nest

OUR NEW ORDER

SO now the chips are down, the purpose plain,
Read it, you little people, see it clear!
You bore the pain, the terror, shrugged at death,
Daily endured that gnawing emptiness
Men casually call hunger. And you killed,
For four long years you killed the German thing—
Sometimes with arms the United Nations gave you,
Sometimes with cruder weapons of your own,
The carving knife, the rock, the bleeding fist.
And all for what? For freedom's sake, you say,
Freedom to live your lives and cast your votes
For men of your own choice, to change your laws,
And if your rulers spurned your people's will,
Freedom at last to riot; yes, revolt!

O little people, waken from that dream
Of shining freedom to the grimmer fact.
Revolts are out of fashion; British rule,
Tempered to steely strength on Indian mobs,
Is giving you, instead, our own "new order"
With tanks to staunch your blood and sweat and tears.

Yes, people's revolutions are a menace
To law and order carefully imposed
By cautious, reasoned men so quick to scuttle
When any danger's near, so quick to bob
Back into power when king-makers seek order.

Revolts, they say, are always Russian coups,
Never the quick flame of a people's will.
Were revolutions Russian in the days
When freedom was a cause men could believe in?
When Boston streets were bloody with a riot
Of Yankees fighting Britain's ordered rule,
When Yankee rebels stood up strong and died
At Concord, rather than disperse their ranks?
Were revolutions Russian when the French
First pierced the silence of the centuries
With freedom's noblest song, the Marseillaise?
Were revolutions Russian in the years
When ordered British killed an ordered king
And put the people's Cromwell in his place?

Now only reasoned action is permitted.
Now only slow decisions can prevail.
We did not hymn cold caution when we urged
These "leftist" men to make a lightning choice
Between dishonored safety or the bare
Stone wall before a rigid firing squad.
And patient reason was not our refrain
When peaceful men and women took the knife,
The pitch-fork or the club and lay in wait,
Trembling, alone, to kill with their own hands
The hulking German moving through the mist.
It is not reason that can make a man
Set fire to his own house and watch it burn
To give the Germans one more ashen town;
Nor make him pull a trigger when he knows
It may mean torture for his wife and child.
And where is logic in the licking flames
Of pain that old men bore, and slender girls,
Quivering and screaming in the torture chamber
Till death or madness saved them from betrayal?
These things we asked of them in our black hour,
These things they gave, unordered and unled.
These were the lone decisions in the dark
That each must make, the deeds that each must do.

Are they so unimportant, now, and small,
That we deny them freedom, shoot them down
In German fashion, piling streets with dead,
Hoping to hide the corpses with our glib
Unending talk and sleazy paper plans?
We cannot hide those bones, nor teach these flaming
People that cry for freedom how to trudge
Meekly and slowly to our ordered polls.
The German rule of death has breathed a fire
Into men's souls at last, and made them rise—
Choose death for their hearts' faith. We cannot quench
This fire with voluble and babbling words.
We cannot blast it out with traitorous guns.
We can but warm our hard, ignoble shells
In its bright blaze, until we melt again.
Quickening with all the dreams of all these dead
Into the free men we were meant to be.

MARJORIE TAGGART WHITE.

I feel honored to be able to print the above. There is a decided place today for verse that speaks out on public issues, just as there is a shuddering prejudice against it on the part of those who desire only pure poetry remote from any connection with current affairs. I have, for my own part, always greatly admired a poet like Whittier who wrote fierily and continuously against slavery. Some of his polemic verse was poetry and some was not. Verse has different uses.

Recently a distinguished poet, William Carlos Williams, said, *in re* poetry, in his latest book, "The Wedge":

> Your attention is called now and then to some beautiful line or sonnet-sequence because of what is said there. So be it. To me all sonnets say the same thing of no importance. What does it matter what the line "says"?

With all due respect to a fine artist like Dr. Williams, my own opinion is that it makes *every* difference. I am sure that it made every difference, by the way, to Shakespeare. Archibald MacLeish once said in a beautiful poem, "A poem should not mean, but be." I don't believe that either. I don't believe a work of art can merely *be* and not mean anything. Keats started a good deal of this by saying, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." Which just simply is not so! There are many different conceptions of beauty, for one thing. All this may be far afield from Miss White's straightforwardly polemic verse. Verse is a form; poetry is a magic that may reside in verse or in prose. It does not reside in much verse, bound or free. It is a distinct rarity. Meanwhile I believe in having things said out, clearly and strongly, either in verse or prose, concerning what is wrong with the world. Today it matters greatly to the world what the line, whether in prose or in verse, *says*. That does not mean that all verse need be didactic. True poetry

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is seldom didactic, but it *says* much.

Yes, I find myself very much out of accord with those who think verse is not the medium for the expression of views on current public affairs. They say that the true poet does not meddle with such matters. Again, this is simply not so. Dante certainly discussed affairs so current that to us today there are a great many references in Dante that leave us cold. That is natural, after so great a lapse of time. But Dante would not have been the man he was had he not been burningly concerned with saying just what he thought of what was going on in his own time. Milton, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth—all expressed themselves intensely if not violently, and certainly with great explicitness and particularity, concerning the events of their day. Shelley's, "Rise like lions after slumber—" is still a trumpet call. Today few remember how, in the middle of the seventeenth century, French soldiers of the Sun King, and Irish soldiers who had fled from Cromwell, spread death and destruction in the valleys of the Vaudois southwest of Turin, and how Cromwell's England urged all the Protestant powers to join in remonstrating with the Duke of Savoy and Louis XIV. "The pen of Milton was employed for this purpose," says Creighton, "and his famous sonnet is but the condensation of his state papers." A good many of us *may* remember the fiery lines beginning,

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not . . .

This does not mean that I am comparing Miss White to John Milton! But (quite despite Robert Graves's latest book) Milton had grandeur, and conceived of poetry as having a public usefulness as well as a private. When he was deeply moved by some public issue or event he wrote of it in the medium in which he was most adept. State papers are state papers, and go their way. What the peoples of the world forever remember and cherish, with their secret hope of justice, are the words written or spoken by their poets and orators. Nor does this mean that poets should *turn into* orators! But must we *always*, in every age, have the attempt made to limit us to one particular style of (or attitude toward) writing that happens to be the style—or attitude—in fashion? In my own time I have seen at least half a dozen greatly cried-up styles or fashions of writing verse proceed from fierce limelight into obscurity.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

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(*Continued from page 37*)

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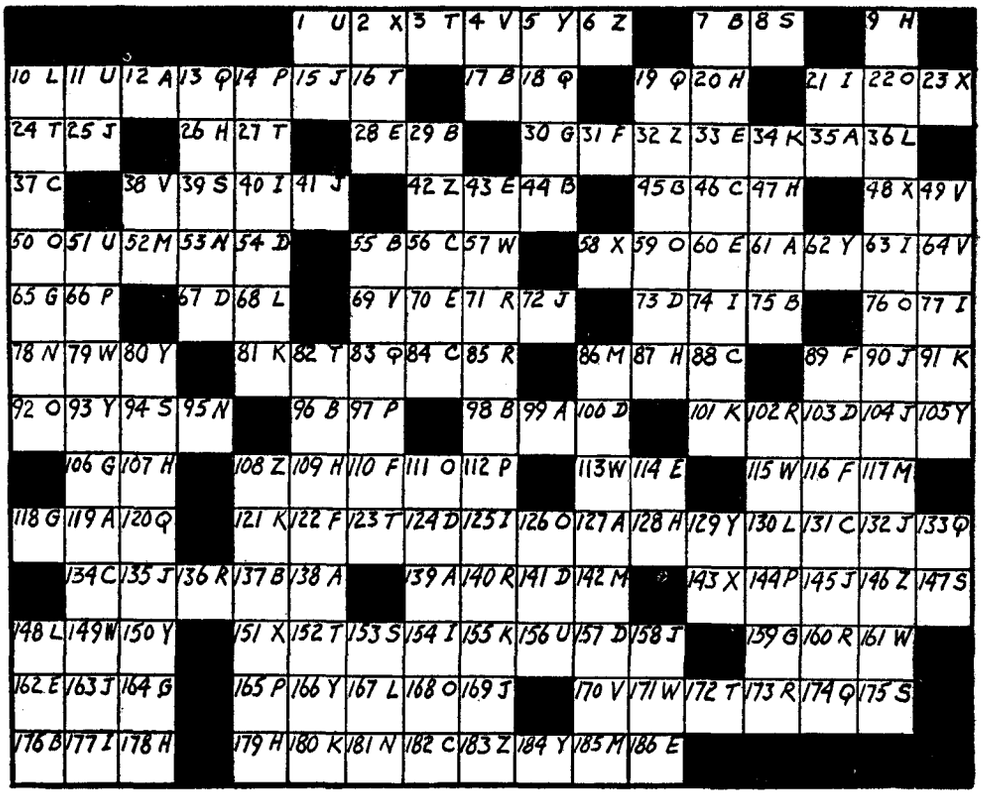
The Crostics Club

LATEST overseas news includes letters from Captain Donald C. Miller, Signal Corps, who sent a DC of his own vintage that he made to try on his companions, and Forrest H. Alter, T/Sgt, somewhere in France, who laments in his three months abroad thus far that he has received but three copies of his subscription to the *SRL*, but is glad that one of the three reported on the Conference as to what he might read without being proselyted. His letter was motivated by our discussion as to the best method of printing the solution to the DC's. "When I was home," he writes, "and for my first year in the Army, my mother at my request opened each issue of the *SRL* and with a small piece of paper and some Scotch tape made a flap that covered the solution of the previous week's DC. When I gave up trying to solve the DC, I would lift the flap and for the first time see the solution. . . . Now that I subscribe directly I must exert will power to avoid seeing the solution, since I tackle DCs in streaks. . . . I have no reference books available, so when I've done as much of the DC as I can without the assistance of associates, I turn to the previous issue and cover all of the solution except the author's name. Inserting this in its proper place I try again to complete the solution. Next I look at the title of the selection, and I repeat the process until I have completed the quotation." After such a meticulous system of work, he naturally favors printing the answers upside down. Let's try it, say I. To Wm L. J. McDonald, 1/c Seaman somewhere in France, I sent in early October, in reply to his request for more DCs, two of the Series. Dec. 27 I received a letter from him from a camp in Rhode Island telling me that the books had just caught up with him; that he was at this camp temporarily while awaiting service in the Pacific. Thus do we have an inkling of how the Command utilizes its men where they are most needed. I sent him a copy of "Invitation to DCs" trusting that its flight would this time be swifter.

Among DC callers recently were Mrs. Richard Ederheimer, New York, and Max Stolz, Syracuse. I like to meet our puzzlers thus; for the human element has always interested me more than the attainment. I enjoy the symphony concerts the more because I can identify each member of the orchestra; in teaching I always cared more about the youngsters than about my subject matter.

"John Dryden, translating from the French, spoke of Correggio '*sweetening* his lights and shadows.' This use of *sweetness* persists in the technical language of painting, though it may not be common," contributes our Steven Byington, to the discussion. And he has done the first 24 DCs in Series 16 without using pen or pencil or books of reference! E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 564

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 35 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Made or carried on with secrecy (Comp.)

B. Standing upright.

C. The god of literature in China.

D. Making upright; raising.

E. Knight of the Holy Grail whom Parsifal cures (Wagner).

F. A thing of no value; nothing (L.)

G. Sharpness.

H. Ancient name of Naples (for a siren who failed to beguile Odysseus).

I. Commonly thought or deemed.

J. Easily confused.

K. Having no certain course; queer.

L. Most famous of centaurs (now among the stars).

M. Fibre from various tropical American plants, for cordage, baskets, etc.

N. Hebrew prophet and O. T. Book (8th Cent. B. C.)

O. Small hand-drums or tambourines (Music).

P. Emphasized form of a third person pronoun.

Q. American penologist (1859-1926; "Within Prison Walls").

R. Thick, tightly twisted Cossack whip.

S. *Manifesto* (1854) relating to U. S. and Cuba (Hist.)

T. Food of hulled wheat and other ingredients boiled in milk.

U. Applied to *feet*, to mean cowardice.

V. Ingeniously deceptive.

W. Knotted.

X. Detests to extremity.

Y. To kill, esp. by foul means or wantonly (3 wds.)

Z. Anew; again.

WORDS

138	61	127	99	119	12	35	139				
96	44	45	176	29	75	17	55	98	7	187	
134	88	84	131	46	37	56	182				
100	103	157	124	67	73	141	54				
70	162	114	43	33	28	60	186				
89	110	31	122	116							
159	30	65	106	118	164						
109	9	178	128	87	47	107	26	179	20		
21	125	74	154	77	63	40	177				
15	163	104	145	169	41	135	132	90	25	72	158
101	180	155	81	91	34	121					
10	36	167	148	68	130						
52	185	86	117	142							
78	53	181	95								
111	92	126	50	22	59	168	76				
144	14	165	112	66	97						
18	133	19	83	174	13	120					
160	140	85	173	136	71	102					
39	8	153	147	94	175						
27	123	24	82	152	3	172	16				
1	11	51	156								
4	170	69	64	49	38						
79	113	57	115	149	171	161					
2	58	143	23	151	48						
80	150	166	93	5	184	129	62	105			
6	42	183	32	108	146						

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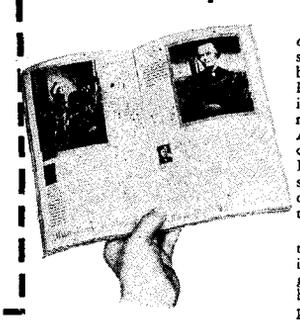

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